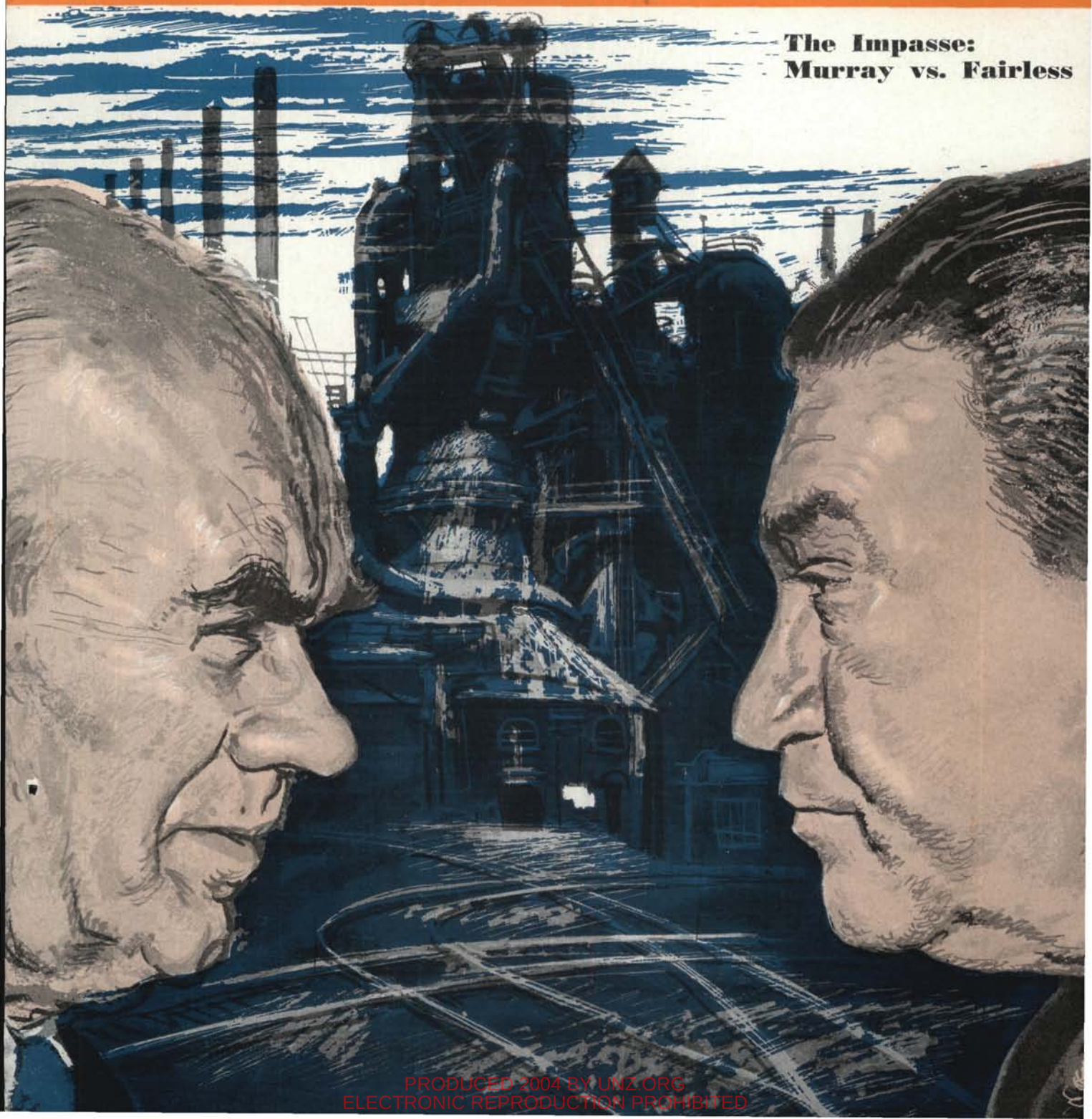
About-Face! The Story of Sen. Brewster

The Reporter

June 10, 1952 25c



The Impasse:
Murray vs. Fairless

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The Pittsburgh region, cradle of steel

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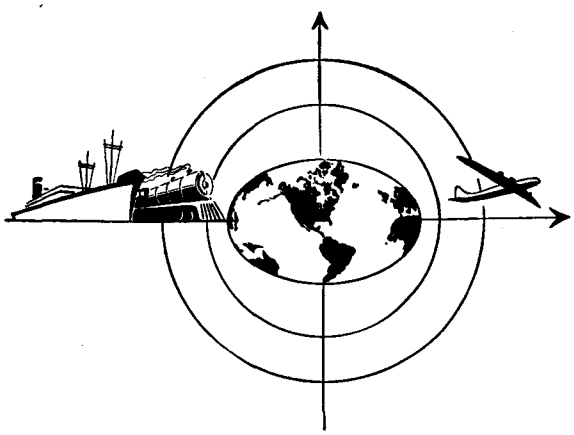

The Reporter's Notes

The Prisoners Mess

For quite a while, there has been a murky quality about the so-called peace talks at Panmunjom and the Korean situation as a whole. Recently there was a big blowup (scandal, perhaps, would be a better word) in the Koje Island prison camp, and for a few days the whole world could see the enemy's brazenness and our generals' humiliation.

From the reports the public gets, the Panmunjom negotiations seem a senseless pantomime. For a time, the negotiators appeared to be after the speed record for meetings: one minute and a half, or fifty seconds. When the sessions are a little longer, it means that the Communists are insulting our men.

Why isn't there a truly U.N. delegation, so that the officers of our allies might see what Nam Il and his teammates are like? And why, incidentally, hasn't Nam Il a South Korean opposite number? And why haven't we been told anything about the frame of mind, the political attitudes of the North Korean and Chinese Communist prisoners?

Through these prisoners, we can learn something about life in a Communist-dominated country. For once we can get case histories about people, and not generalizations. It has turned out that the majority of these prisoners would rather stay with us than go back —an extraordinarily good piece of news. But we haven't been given a single illustration of the bitter experiences that led these human beings to make so fateful a decision.

In fact, since the beginning—aside from the moments of great victory or great defeat—this peripheral, suburban war has been a news item that, because of its repetitiousness, has lost most of its news value.

The Korean War has been always, and particularly since the recall of General MacArthur, a limited or politically controlled war. Actually, there was nothing strange about a general's refusing to believe there could be any substitute for victory. But the Administration set out to show that there could be a substitute, that the stalemate around the 38th parallel proves that aggression doesn't pay, and finally that the Korean War is a preventive war.

Yet somehow the Administration has never brought all these points home to our own and to foreign peoples. It should have made the Korean War the most-publicized, best-documented war in history. This would have been the only way to draw real benefit from the sacrifices of our soldiers, and to give them the feeling that those sacrifices were for the cause of peace.

Instead, there has been a blackout on news about Korea, and most of what news has come out of that country has been overcensored and unexciting.

The preliminary settlement of this conflict was entrusted to Army and Navy officers, who, while facing most politically minded enemies, can discuss only a military truce. After having achieved a psychological-warfare victory with the resounding declaration of the thousands of prisoners who chose freedom, we let our generals fall into the Koje Island trap.

The whole thing, we must admit, doesn't make sense. Or it makes about as much sense as a political campaign fought modestly and in silence, for the salvation of the candidates' souls. Actually, it looks sometimes as if the Administration were out to prove that, on the Korean issue, MacArthur had a case.

The Dulles Program

John Foster Dulles has been making a number of speeches recently that have been critical of the Administration's foreign policy, and, not unexpectedly, his arguments have been offered to the general public in an article for *Life*.

Mr. Dulles is a man of unusual wisdom. First and foremost among the leaders of both parties, he has long denounced the threat to civilian supremacy coming from the fact that our diplomacy has tended to become little more than a carbon copy of our strategy.

Unfortunately, we must confess that we cannot understand what Mr. Dulles is now driving at, what his "Policy of Boldness" is.

"We are not working, sacrificing and spending in order to be able to live *without* this peril—but to be able to live *with* it, presumably forever." Who wouldn't live without it? The problem is to discover how. ". . . There is one solution and only one," writes Mr. Dulles; "that is for the free world to develop the will and organize the means to retaliate instantly against open aggression by Red armies, so that, if it occurred anywhere, we could and would strike back where it hurts, by means of our choosing."

But it just happens that the gains made by the Soviet Russia since the end of the war—600 million people in twelve countries, Mr. Dulles says—have been made without a single open aggression by the Red Army. There was, of course, the aggression in Korea, badly masked as civil war, but with the Red Army distinctly absent.

The danger of Communism in Eu-

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rope and Asia is as great as ever. It is still a political danger, sedulously organized by Moscow with extraordinary political skill, with an immediate tactical object: the neutralization of every country on our side; the breaking up of our interlocking system of alliances. Russia wants to pick off each foreign nation, one by one, as soon as it is well rotted inside.

At any time, of course, Russia might decide to send out the Red Army, but we must also reckon with the prospect that the Red Army will not be ordered out, and the deterrent suggested by Mr. Dulles will not work. Then what?

The solution, it seems to us, is to strengthen our system of alliances, to do what Russia doesn't want us to do, to give every possible support to the democratic forces in the countries on our side. We must, of course, conduct the most aggressive propaganda possible, as Mr. Dulles suggests, so as to maintain and enlist the solidarity of the people on the one side as on the other of the Iron Curtain. But the primary job is to strengthen that system of alliances.

PERHAPS Mr. Dulles's attempt to formulate a new foreign policy proves how appallingly difficult the task is, how hard it is to improve on the general foreign policy of the Administration, to which, incidentally, few people have made a contribution as valuable as that of Mr. Dulles. Perhaps our greatest need is to dramatize these policies, to show their meaning and their promise.

We hope we are going to hear more from Mr. Dulles, and that he is going to make his new position clearer. There are paragraphs in his recent article that we are unable to understand.

Junta

In describing the threat to our liberties that would come upon us if we elected a general to the Presidency, General MacArthur recently generalized about generals. "The history of the world," he said, "shows that republics and democracies have generally lost their liberties by way of passing from civilian to quasi-military status. Nothing is more conducive to arbitrary rule than the military junta. It would be a tragic development indeed if this generation was forced to look to the rigidity of military dominance and discipline to redeem it from the tragic failure of a civilian administration."

Indeed, yes. But the key word is "junta" (Spanish for "committee" or "commission"), and if history shows that military juntas have taken control of many nations at many times, history shows also that this danger has never been present in the United States. We have elected generals to the Presidency; some have proved good, others not; but not one owed his election to a military junta, or kept one hidden in the White House, or stabled the junta horses in the halls of Congress, or brought to us "the rigidity of military dominance and discipline." Shades of President (General) Grant! In the American experience the Presidency has demilitarized the military—not the reverse.

General MacArthur has known more American generals than we have and more closely, but all the same we just cannot visualize a U.S. Army junta with Bradley, Marshall, Eisenhower—or for that matter even MacArthur himself—at its head. We just cannot get excited.

Yet General MacArthur's Michigan speech does bring up a matter of principle. It is often said that no Jew, no Catholic, no this or that, can be President of the United States. We want that list shortened, not extended. More than that: We want any such prohibitive list canceled altogether. The day after the general's speech, Bernard M. Baruch said what we mean simply: "Nothing in this country should make a man a second-class citizen." Not even being a general.

Add G.O.P. Foreign Policies

Senator John W. Bricker, a Republican from Ohio, would have made a very handsome Vice-President if the voters had seen fit to elect him in 1944. For some reason the voters preferred a plainer-looking man as Vice-President in 1944.

This year Bricker is trying to hold onto his own Senate seat against the incursions of a man named Michael DiSalle, who is not only less handsome than Bricker but who actually makes some people smile the minute they see him. To meet the threat, Senator Bricker has come up with a forthright foreign policy: He's against the United Nations. We cite his prediction that "the United Nations seemed destined for an early demise . . . [because of its] insatiable lust for power." What the Senator has in mind is the U.N.'s effort to draft a Covenant on Human Rights. The Senator from Ohio is afraid that this vague but high-principled document would impinge on our own Bill of Rights. "The draft covenant," he declared last fall in his usual stentorian tones, "is the natural offspring of a foreign policy which subordinates national interests to the nonexistent unity of an imaginary one-world."

Here is a challenging thought indeed. Bricker emerges as the first advocate of states' rights on an international scale—the first global Dixiecrat.

Time Off for Good Behavior

Someone handed Alfred Krupp von Bohlen a bouquet that day more than a year ago when he stepped out of the Landsberg Prison a free man. Krupp, the reigning monarch of Germany's great industrial house, had served five years and ten months of the twelve-year sentence he was given at Nuremberg for exploiting slave labor and plundering occupied countries. According to the sentence his property rights were also confiscated, but they were restored along with his freedom.

Krupp, a pale man in his middle forties, had systematically looted the equipment of rival firms in occupied countries. His labor relations were nothing if not straightforward. On one occasion the Krupp firm brought three hundred young Jewesses to Germany from the gas chambers at Auschwitz, not to save their lives but to work them until they dropped dead of exhaustion and malnutrition.

But in 1949, during the Berlin blockade, it was decided that Krupp's holdings would not be actually confiscated but only be "subject to" confiscation. Now we learn that soon Alfred Krupp will be given back all of his property—the machine shops, the real estate, the locomotive works, and all the rest of it. He won't get the steel mill which went to the Soviet Union, and he won't get the coal mines, but for them he will receive a generous settlement in cash—some tens of millions of dollars, we understand.

Alfred Krupp, who managed to keep even Adolf Hitler aware of how much he owed to the Krupp empire, will once more find himself in the comfortable position of a multimillionaire in a country that is starved for capital.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE CHINA LOBBY (Cont'd)

To the Editor: In your April 15 issue of *The Reporter,* you publish what purports to be a true account of the genesis of Emmanuel Larsen's October 1946 *Plain Talk* article.

You have taken Larsen's 1950 testimony before the Tydings subcommittee, but you have made no mention that in 1946, before the Hobbs subcommittee, Larsen gave directly contradictory testimony. You do not mention that the earlier testimony was given prior to any dealings between Larsen and *Plain Talk.*

You do not mention that the earlier Larsen testimony backs the published *Plain Talk* article in all essentials. You do not mention correspondence from Larsen to Isaac Don Levine, subsequent to the publication of the article, in which Larsen lauds the revised version, asks for copies to distribute to his friends, and offers to do other pieces even stronger than the published article.

You do not mention that this correspondence was read into the Congressional Record by Senator Brien McMahon with an apology to Isaac Don Levine for the allegations made against him in the Tydings report which McMahon signed.

You do not mention that I protested Larsen's version of the facts and challenged Senators McMahon, Tydings, and Green to repeat their charges against me where I might take legal action. You do not mention that my challenge and denials were read into the Congressional Record and reported in the press.

You do not mention that the *Christian Science Monitor* apologized to Isaac Don Levine and to me for publishing the quotation from the Tydings report which you use in your article.

Though you do not refer to me by name, you allude to "Levine and his associates." At the time the article appeared, I was managing editor of *Plain Talk.* Your account is therefore libelous and damaging. It falls under no possible immunity. It is neither fair report nor fair comment.

I therefore demand that in your subsequent issue—or at the earliest opportunity—you publish a full retraction.

RALPH DE TOLEDANO
New York City

(We have also received a similar communication from the lawyers of Isaac Don Levine.—The Editors.)

Mr. de Toledano's letter deserves several comments.

1. Emmanuel Larsen's testimony before the Hobbs subcommittee in 1946, which supported the *Plain Talk* article, was not given under oath. In 1950 before the Tydings committee, Mr. Larsen, now under oath, repudiated his earlier testimony and offered an explanation of the discrepancies. All this was duly noted in the Tydings report.

2. After comparing the Larsen-Levine correspondence, which Senators McMahon and Tydings read into the Congressional Record, with Mr. Larsen's testimony before the Tydings subcommittee, we can only conclude that Mr. Larsen is a rather unpredictable personality. Presumably, the editors of *Plain Talk,* in the course of their editorial dealings with him, must have become aware of the fact.

3. Reviewing the text of the McMahon-Tydings statement of August 31, 1950, we do not find that the two Senators make any "apology." They simply recommend that "an impressive communication" from Isaac Don Levine "be appended to the permanent record of the subcommittee." They also acknowledged Isaac Don Levine's long anti-Communist record. We note that Senator Green, the other signatory of the majority report of the subcommittee, did not associate himself with their statement.

4. We do not find that the *Christian Science Monitor* made any apology to Isaac Don Levine and Mr. de Toledano for publishing the quotation from the Tydings report which we cited in our China Lobby articles. The *Monitor* apologized for omitting from this quotation the important conditional phrase, *"if true."* The paragraph is worth quoting once again, since after consideration of all the evidence available (including Mr. de Toledano's letter to us), we are more than ever convinced that it constitutes the most appropriate epitaph for the whole episode. We print the paragraph herewith exactly as it appeared in our China Lobby articles.

" 'If true,' summed up the Tydings report, 'the action of Levine and his associates in connection with the *Plain Talk* article is one of the most despicable instances of a deliberate effort to deceive and hoodwink the American people in our history.' "—The Editors.

To the Editor: My attention has been called to the article "The China Lobby—Part II," appearing in the April 29 issue of your magazine.

On page 4 you list my name as "chief of the Chinese U.N. Delegation since 1947; chief disbursing agent for official Nationalist funds here."

On page 6 you state: "Of the New York group, according to an ex-Nationalist official, only Dr. Tsiang received and spent Nationalist government funds."

On page 7 you state: "The first lump sum in support of the Lobby's work, according to former Nationalist officials then in a position to know, did not follow the customary route. In the summer of that year [1949], $800,000 was transferred from Wang Shih-chieh, Chiang's chief secretary on Formosa, to Dr. Tsiang openly via the Bank of China in New York."

I have, since the fall of 1947 when I assumed my post as the representative of China in the United Nations, disbursed not $800,000 but $6,000,000. The recipients of this money have been Mr. Trygve Lie and Mr. Byron Price. What these gentlemen have done with the money and what service they have rendered to China in return is no secret; at least Messrs. Lie, Price, and myself do not wish this matter to be kept a secret. All information relating to these disbursements is available in the records of the U.N.

As to the $800,000 which you say that Dr. Wang Shih-chieh transmitted to me in the summer of 1949 via the Bank of China, the figure and the transaction are both fictions. I would be glad to give any member of your research staff such legal help as I could to enable him to make a thorough examination of my money transactions with or through the Bank of China.

If you could name a single American who, during the past four and a half years, has received any sum of money from me in remuneration for political services of any kind, I would gladly acknowledge your article to be truthful. I would allow you one year's time for this research. If at the end of the one year you fail to produce the name of a single American, as I am deadly sure that you will fail, I think I would be justified in calling this article dishonest and untruthful.

I am the ranking Chinese government official residing in New York City. I do have many American friends. My opinion of these Americans is much higher than that shown in your article. In no case have I found it necessary to resort to the use of money. With every one of my American friends I feel that any offer of money on my part, were I in a position to make such an offer, would be regarded as an insult.

In dealing with Americans—so far as this is concerned, with all my foreign friends—I never request them to do or say anything which in my opinion is not in conformity with the interests and principles of their own country. I assume all my friends to be good patriots.

Furthermore, when I deal with my Amer-

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ican friends, I do not stop to inquire whether they are Republicans or Democrats. In fact I have friends among members of both parties, which to me are not so far apart as they themselves would try to make me believe. I would like to see questions related to my country lifted out of partisan politics. For one thing, there is no advantage in being the football of your politics. For another, the historical friendship between our countries has been, on both sides, the creation of men of all parties.

I request you to publish this letter.

TINGFU F. TSIANG
Permanent Representative of
China to the United States
New York City

We appreciate Dr. Tsiang's high-mindedness and the handsome tribute he pays his American friends. We should like to remind him, however, that we did not say that he had directly and personally paid Americans for services to the China Lobby. He thus challenges us to prove a point that he himself has raised for the first time. The challenge interests us. We should be most happy to explore further the possibility of our examining the records of the Bank of China, provided Dr. Tsiang will extend his kind invitation to include a Chinese financial expert of our own choice.—The Editors.

To the Editor: The insinuations and charges against me contained in your article on "The China Lobby"—page 17 of *The Reporter* of April 15—are untrue.

It is true that I have been opposed to the Communization of China ever since it started there in the early 1920's. If such opposition, at my own expense, constitutes lobbying, then you can truthfully charge me with being one of the original lobbyists for a free and independent China.

N. F. ALLMAN
New York City

HOORAY FOR WHAT?

To the Editor: Re Peter Viereck's article in your May 27 issue, "Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals"—I can't resist writing you how amusing I found this piece—the author is really a comedian of high quality. I have neither the time nor patience to go over it sentence by sentence, although each sentence is priceless and a classic of its kind—but one consolation I can offer Mr. V. (I'm a college student): Since Mr. V.'s profound finding is that "America's college generations alternate regularly between commitment and sophistication," and since "Currently the choice again is for sophistication," why, all the man has to do is sit back and wait. He says himself that some mysterious pendulum will automatically swing us back into "commitment." So what's to worry about us? We all sit together with Pete and wait for that swing to swing us—wheeeee, what a ride! It doesn't matter just where, either—Mr. Viereck points out—just to *some* commitment or other—"Any kind of commitments in any field." Boy, what a brain this man has—what profundity, what logic—what leadership and inspiration he offers us! Peter Viereck is just what we've been looking for, now we're all set to go—where? This article is sure gonna change my life—if only I knew what I should stick my neck out FOR.

Mr. Viereck—how's about showing us the way! Why not stick out YOUR neck—on specific "unpopular and embarrassing" issues. I'm trying to find out what these are. The price of hogs, you mean? Or you mean we should get lyrical and ecstatic about the "great drama of Korea?" Korea *is* a great drama, looked at from the safe pages of a magazine—wouldn't it sound less comical if you were there, and in uniform?

There's a term for the pile of words you pile up, brother. Not a single one of those big, resounding, rolling, ecstatic, beautiful words would ruffle the feelings of *anybody*. They're awfully safe words—nothing unpopular, embarrassing, or *specific* about 'em. You point a safe finger at us, and ask us college students to go out and get brave and fearless—but you don't specify what we should get brave and fearless ABOUT. How about a few "for instances"—or don't you want to hurt the N.A.M.? Peter, you're lots of fun!

PAUL B. HARRIS
New York City

'REASONABLY OBJECTIVE'

To the Editor: There are some unforgivable sins; one of them is ingratitude. To remain in my own good graces, I would like to express my gratitude to *The Reporter* for living up to its proposed aims of "reporting the facts rather than sermonizing—and let the facts speak for themselves." I realize of course that even the facts are selective and so your selection reflects your views. However, whether I am on your side or not is not as important as the fact that you are doing a good job of reasonably objective reporting. My wife and I are satisfied with our subscription.

SHERMAN P. SPAULDING
Newport, Rhode Island

THE GERMAN DANGER

To the Editor: I was very much impressed by the analyses of the German problem made by Mr. Cook and Dr. Shuster, but it did seem to me that both gentlemen failed to take the one great danger to us in our build-up of Germany. Dr. Shuster comes close to the point when he discusses the historical precedents for another Russo-German alliance for which he sees little danger, arguing that Germany is highly anti-Communist and has never had much love for Russia. And Mr. Cook comes close to the point when he says that Germans like a strong Chancellor.

Dr. Shuster, being a prominent Catholic and a good friend of Chancellor Adenauer, is of course inclined to view the German problem with glasses more rose-colored than are warranted by the facts and traditions of German history. The fact is that, historically and emotionally, a good many Germans are rather contemptuous of the slow, fumbling processes that mark any democratic régime. It is much easier for these Germans to understand Russian totalitarianism—and to sympathize with the problems of the Russian leaders—than it is to understand the democracies. They feel that one can rely on Russia if one knows the minds of the leaders. One can't rely on the democracies even if one does know the mind of the men in power, because those very men may be out in the cold at any time.

Another thing we always seem to forget is the fact that Britain's desperate fear of Russia and its belief in the "balance of power" were very real factors in bringing about the Second World War. Continuing this policy of building up a bulwark against Soviet aggression, when that bulwark happens again to be Germany, may easily lead to a third world war.

All these arguments of course point to the danger that once Germany attains a measure of sovereignty it will ally itself with Russia and again try to conquer the world. There is an old saying that the First World War knocked out France as a world power, the Second World War knocked out Britain, and a third world war would knock out America and Russia. I believe these serious dangers should be kept in mind when discussing the future relationship between Germany and America.

D. S.
Silver Spring, Maryland

RIGHT TO BE HEARD

To the Editor: I've read *The Reporter* from its first issue and find it fair and liberal in general. It espouses the good cause and fights the good fight—no doubt about it. But—a minor "but," with no sinister overtones intended—there was one passage that quite puzzled me. I quote: "The use of having the United Nations discuss conflicts that it cannot settle—that is something we cannot make out." The style of this excerpt does not enter my gripe—although perhaps it should. I'm quite upset about the principle expounded.

It seems to me that if the United Nations confines itself strictly to the discussion of problems that it can settle, it will have precious little to do—may as well pull in its flag, fold up its tent, and silently steal off, each nation to its respective home. In reality the only real function of the United Nations is discussion. It's the public forum of the planet, where one and all, rich and poor, just and unjust, may carry their burden of weal or woe for conversational purposes or moral judgment. And the moral judgment of the world is no small thing, as witness the consternation it caused in the fascist camps of Mussolini and Hirohito in ante-bellum days. Moral finding of a court of this magnitude for a principle or group may well enable them to sweat through persecution unendurable otherwise. No, by no means can this function of the United Nations be set aside.

I hold no brief for the Arabs. Any little democracy and chance for future progress that exist will surely be lost when France leaves. Nevertheless, they'd a right to their minute on the platform and a respectful hearing—and there is no doubt that the French resorted to unethical and high-handed methods to prevent this from coming about. I do not maintain that the French are censurable diplomatically. But they surely are on a press level.

DAVID L. SMALL
New York City

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

The steel crisis is more than a matter of wages and prices and more than a matter of Presidential powers. Behind the restlessness of labor, its dissatisfaction with the present laws, behind the uncertainty and resentment of management, behind the intransigence of both sides at the bargaining table, lie the toughest questions that face America in mid-1952: How deep an emergency are we in? How long will it last? What sacrifices does it demand of us? *The Reporter* believes that these questions are not the exclusive concern of Philip Murray and Ben Fairless, and it suggests that the government, in its legislative and executive branches, can and must make labor and management assume their share of responsibility in the nation's strategy and diplomacy.

Hans H. Landsberg is a Washington economist who writes regularly for *The Reporter*. . . . **Edwin E. Witte,** chairman of the Department of Economics, University of Wisconsin, is the author of *The Future of Labor Legislation*. . . . **Tris Coffin** has worked for newspapers and radio chains in Washington for a number of years. . . . **Jean Lyon,** writing from India, has contributed a number of articles to *The Reporter*. . . . **Hugh Massingham** is a political correspondent for *The Observer* of London. . . . **Lionel Birch** is a British free-lance writer. . . . **Robert H. Estabrook** is an editorial writer for the Washington *Post*. . . . **Spencer Klaw** is on the staff of *The New Yorker*. . . . **Albert Parry** is professor of Russian Literature and Language at Colgate University. . . . **Frederic Morton,** novelist and critic, lectures at the New School for Social Research. . . . **Madeleine Chapsal** is a young French writer. . . . Cover by **John R. McDermott.**

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MAX ASCOLI

The President and Il Duce

SINCE the President took over the steel mills, the names of two late European dictators, Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini, have reappeared in the headlines. "Truman Does a Hitler," said the New York *Daily News*. This sounds peculiar, since it is hard to find any resemblance between Truman's America and Hitler's Germany—that system of planned, ever-mounting chaos and terror which, from the beginning, was meant to engulf first Germany and then the world.

Mussolini's Italy, however, was something different. Even more than the establishment of an empire, the major boast of the Fascist dictator was the establishment of a new order regulating the relations of government, capital, and labor. It was called the corporative state, and for quite a few years Italy was considered by foreign pilgrims of all nations as the happy show place of a new Utopia. In our own days, there are no imitators of Adolf Hitler among the undemocratic leaders of foreign nations, but dictators like Franco and Perón are still going strong, strutting like Mussolini and bragging about their fascist order that goes beyond capitalism and beyond Communism.

Fifty Per Cent Fixers

The corporative state got started when Mussolini outlawed strikes and lockouts. This was nearly three years after the march on Rome. At the beginning, he had ruled Italy as the authoritarian and somewhat unconventional leader of a coalition government. It was not until his party had been caught red-handed in the Matteotti murder that he bothered to invent a new political system and assume, by force of arms, a monopoly over Italian politics. The emergency forced Mussolini to concoct some great project that could provide an excuse for his tyrannical power. He chose to solve, within the boundaries of Italy, what he and other old-time revolutionary socialists used to call the class struggle.

Strikes and lockouts were outlawed. Labor disputes were to be settled by the government, through an enormous apparatus of agencies and labor courts. Each category of employers and employees was regimented in its own occupational organization or trade union. Of course, the final decisions as to prices, profits, and wages came from on high, determined by the national interest, of which Il Duce was the supreme interpreter. From the top, too, came the decisions as to allocations of materials, volume and types of production, imports, exports, public works, and private initiative—literally everything.

In this sprawling corporative bureaucracy hundreds upon thousands of Italians found jobs. Jobs were provided also—quite a number of them—by the large network of social-assistance and social-insurance organizations that Fascism took over from the previous régimes and greatly enlarged. Unquestionably Mussolini gave Italy, as a consolation for its lost freedom, his own version of the welfare state.

The positions of capital and of labor were unequal: The so-called leaders of labor were party appointees, while those of business actually represented the business interests of the nation. Neither enjoyed much freedom or initiative, however, for both were under the thumb of predatory bureaucrats. At its highest level, just below Il Duce, the corporative system was a ruthless syndicate of fixers. Big business had to share its profits with these fixers —not five but closer to fifty per centers. This may represent the difference between democracy and tyranny.

The Unyielding Bargainers

Obviously, Truman's America in mid-1952 is far, far from Mussolini's Italy. That assiduous student of history, Harry Truman, is as different as he can be from a reckless experimenter with history like Benito Mussolini. Nothing could be more remote from President Truman's mind than creating a new political order as a pretext for perpetuating his power.

Yet the problem to which Mussolini's corporative state offered its sweeping totalitarian solution is here with us, for the relationship of American govern-

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ment, industry, and labor toward one another is beginning to take an ugly turn. Our major labor disputes don't seem to get settled. There is a stiffened, unyielding attitude on both sides—a widespread feeling that in industries like steel, collective bargaining is no use. Ultimately, as Mr. Fairless puts it, "Whether our workers are to get a raise, and how much it will be . . . will apparently have to be decided in Washington."

Washington—the Administration—is inextricably involved in the steel dispute, for it is in charge of price fixing, it is the major customer of business, and it wants the votes of labor. Congress, on the other hand, aside from berating the Executive, has not found time to do anything about steel, so that the final decision has gone to the third branch of the government—the courts, which are supposed to interpret and not make the laws.

How Much of an Emergency?

The fitfulness and indecisiveness of our government, the bickering and buck-passing among its various branches, come from one fact: We are going through a limited emergency for a period of unlimited duration. It is up to our government to decide just how much of an emergency it is, what percentage of war discipline the nation must endure. Then there are two unknown and unknowable elements: How long will the emergency last, and what will the enemy do? With this unprecedented strain, no wonder there is so much conflict among the various branches of our government. And no wonder there seems to be something like paralysis of the will in Congress as well as in industry and labor.

The claims of labor have been vociferously backed by the Administration, but it is doubtful whether labor stands to gain from the precedent that has been set. For it is conceivable that a future Administration may vociferously back industry, a possibility which that very wise man, Samuel Gompers, was constantly aware of when he argued that government had to be kept at a distance—even a gift-bearing government. There doesn't seem to be a great difference between government seizure and court anti-strike injunction, the pet hate of labor—aside from the fact that this government seizure is the injunction of a friendly President. This point was not missed by the railroad Brotherhoods, which have joined industry in questioning the President's power.

The steel crisis is no ordinary labor-management dispute, but a crucial instance of the emergency we are going through and of the extraordinary difficulties that men entrusted with power encounter in determining the limits of the emergency. To resolve all these difficulties, we need the co-operative effort of all the parties concerned—government, capital, and labor—through new regulatory agencies, at least for the indefinite duration. Great as its wisdom is, the Supreme Court cannot fix wages, or determine prices, or establish new agencies, or decide on the degree of war discipline the nation needs. At best, the Court can point out the empty zone that has to be filled by new legislation.

In this emergency, labor's stake is far more than mere wages, industry's far more than mere profits. Labor cannot court inflation, for, with its huge pension funds, it has become a big holder of capital. Industry is vitally dependent on the welfare not only of our own people but of our allies, who must some day be able to trade profitably with us.

During the last fifteen or twenty years, American business and labor have grown a lot. Labor has purged itself of radicalism and given up any dream that some sections of it may have had of imposing a socialist order on business. Business has accepted the principle of collective bargaining and by and large given up the hope of imposing tame company unions on labor. Our labor leaders are among the pillars of society, and most of their unions are run according to conservative principles and seniority rules matched only by those of Congress. Yet when the leaders of industry and of labor get together they often deal with each other in a spirit of distrust, if not of hatred, that could be justified only in the old days when violence was their last resort.

Perhaps the trouble is that they don't meet frequently enough. If they could work together in regulatory agencies to discipline those basic industries that have the actual character of public utilities, they could acquire a broader knowledge of all the economic and political factors, national and international, that bear on the present emergency.

The alarming character of the steel controversy is that it could go so far. To avoid its recurrence a much closer partnership of business, labor, and government is needed, at the highest level, day in and day out. It may be said that this partnership bears some resemblance to Mussolini's corporative state. Maybe it does, just as planning and forecasting, which are essential in business, bear some resemblance to Soviet planning. Mussolini dramatized his egotistic solution to a world-wide problem; he imposed his own corporative discipline through a maze of regulatory agencies, from the big business concerns down to the peanut stands. He did it because he wanted to keep his own power unchecked.

The Big Difference

How can we keep the working of our old and new regulatory agencies defined and localized? The answer, in a democracy like ours, is to go not one step further than the emergency demands and to restrict joint control to the key industries. Above all, the answer is a vigorous, working two-party system.

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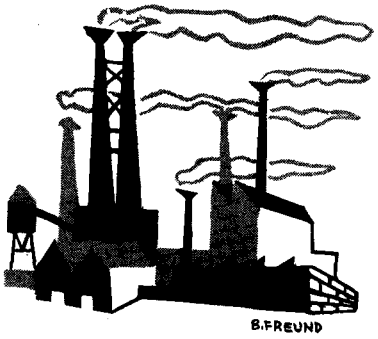
The Forgotten Issue—Wages and Prices



HANS H. LANDSBERG

FOR THE moment at least, Philip Murray and Benjamin Fairless have yielded the front pages to James Madison and John Marshall. In the heat of the Constitutional battle over the President's powers, the wage-and-price dispute that set off the steel crisis has been almost completely ignored.

Far from being a solution to the dollars-and-cents issue, seizure was a sign of failure—failure of collective bargaining, failure of the government machinery that is supposed to start whirring when collective bargaining breaks down, and failure of our whole stabilization policy and procedure. The deadlock, which is just as severe as it was the day before Secretary Sawyer took over the mills, involves such matters as the economic role of the steel industry, the fairest way of determining its wages, prices, and profits, and the results, damaging or otherwise, of union and industry efforts to keep up with other unions and industries in wages or profits.

Something more than ill will and political maneuvering, though there is plenty of both, brought on the impasse. If there were no emergency, there would be no price freeze. If labor and management could not reach a compromise peacefully, settlement would be achieved as in the past through a strike. The country grows no richer by it, but the strike is a recognized weapon in collective bargaining, whose use is perhaps postponed but not outlawed by the Taft-Hartley Act.

In such a situation, industry will agree to a wage increase if its profits are not, in its opinion, fatally reduced. It will accept a truce which would let it make a desired profit, at a given price and volume. Industry cannot help bargaining with price in mind. Since a price rise does not generally discourage purchase of steel, and since competition in the industry is so feeble that all steel manufacturers' prices go up and down as a unit, a price increase is the industry's normal way of meeting wage increases. But with price ceilings, the elbow room left the industry in bargaining, either around the table or in a strike, is greatly reduced. One of the basic elements of bargaining has been removed, and bargaining itself is replaced by government investigation of wages, prices, and profits that is reminiscent of public-utilities rate-increase cases.

The Astonishing Judge

More than forty years ago, Judge Elbert H. Gary, one of the early directors of U.S. Steel, asked whether the steel industry should come under governmental control and "be freed from danger, trouble, and criticism by the public." The judge's answer was "Yes." He had no faith in the efficacy of the antitrust laws, and he wanted to protect not only steel against the public but the public against what he termed "oppression as the possible result of great aggregations of capital."

"I believe," he told a House committee in 1911, "we must come to enforced publicity and governmental control." "You mean governmental control of prices?" he was asked. "I do," Gary replied, "even as to prices . . . I would be very glad . . . if we had some place where we could go, to a responsible governmental authority, and say to them, 'Here are our facts and figures, here is our property, here our cost of production; now you tell us what we have the right to do and what prices we have the right to charge.' "

Even though in times of mobilization there are added and compelling reasons for treating steel as a public utility, Judge Gary's successors are somewhat less receptive to this idea than he was. However, emergency or no, a good case can be made for setting up a regulatory body to control prices and other factors in an industry whose product is a part, in one way or another, of just about every type of producer or consumer goods, and seventy per cent of whose output is controlled by six companies.

A regulatory body could not, of course, stifle labor disputes, but it could in time accumulate a great body of information on the industry, set standards and definitions, and thus help close the measureless gap between Philip Murray's and Ben Fairless's steel economics.

The board could, for instance, examine the industry's claim that the recommended wage increase would be accompanied by roughly proportional increases in the industry's non-payroll costs because of the impact of the steel price rise on the rest of the economy. It could examine the steel workers' claim that they have been lagging in the wage parade. And it could weigh the arguments as to whether industry's profits should be measured before or after taxes. The Wage Stabilization Board at one time or another has touched upon these issues, but the fact is that it has no power to set prices or even make price recommendations.

It takes something more than the

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lack of a government steel board, however, to explain the sharpness of the current clash. First of all, a major labor issue in an election year may not have been unwelcome to the steel industry, and public reaction to the President's seizure would seem to indicate that it may make a good election issue. Secondly, with the first signs of a softening steel market, a strike might not have frightened either the industry or the union.

What with substantial increases in the steel industry's capacity—the program to raise capacity to 120 million tons by 1954 is moving briskly—and the possibility of a new President and Congress who might be less prodigal about mobilization and foreign aid, a strike now could offer definite advantages, particularly if the other side could be blamed for it.

In the third place, the President's action has removed any incentive for compromise on the labor side. Add to all this the price ceiling, and the road to peace through bargaining is strewn with obstacles.

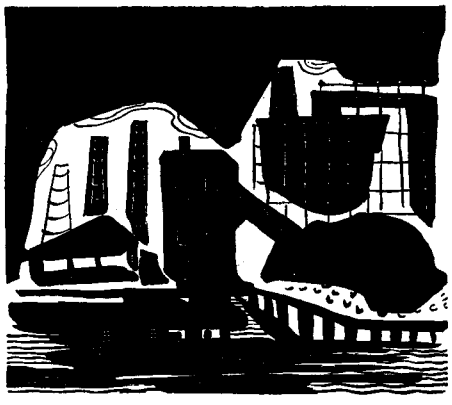
Publicity and Inflation

One thing that has made a bad situation worse is publicity, which has turned steel prices, which normally do not exercise a strong inflationary influence on the economy, into prices whose future may now indeed be decisive; it has lifted steel production into the realm of national security at a time when there is room for at least inquiring whether the economy could not stand a temporary halt in steel output.

As for price, steel goes either into durable consumer goods in whose ultimate price it plays but a small part, or into capital goods where its price is discounted over a long period and thus is not reflected in short-term price increases. While President Truman was perfectly correct when he remarked that a rise in the price of steel would be felt as far down as the price of canned goods and eggbeaters, reflection on the role of steel in the price of, let us say, a passenger automobile will show its marginal importance. To make matters simple, assume that a car contains 3,000 pounds of steel. An increase of even ten dollars a ton would cause at most a twenty-five-dollar increase, or roughly one per cent, in the price of the car. A steel-price increase would indeed be spread through the economy, but would not automatically cause any great inflationary pressures.

Unfortunately, the purely economic effect, which could be small, has now been overshadowed by the psychological impact of a steel-price increase. If other industries think of steel as the "leader" rather than thinking of their own costs before and after the price rise—and this, to a large extent, is what they do—a steel-price rise has strong inflationary implications. But even here, the broader economic picture is more important than any single event. As long as there is no strong upsurge in buying, it is a safe guess that producers will refrain from raising their prices, steel-price rise or none. Only if consumers consider the steel boost as a general signal to buy because prices are "on the march again" will we be in for another dose of inflation. Because of the publicity given steel prices, it will be difficult to head off such a movement, but consumers have shown remarkable levelheadedness recently.

The question of whether or not the nation could stand a cessation of steel production bears on the wisdom of the decision to seize the mills rather than on the economic issues involved. But to the extent that seizure has encouraged a more uncompromising attitude on the part of labor and thus made eventual solution more difficult, an exaggerated picture of steel's importance, such as that given by the government's lawyers before the Supreme Court, directly affects the settlement issue. In this connection, the post-Korea civilian economy has never really felt the pinch that was predicted. When everyone was set for it, we were already over the hump, and allocation procedures were able to safeguard military production and still keep the civilian economy running for a while.

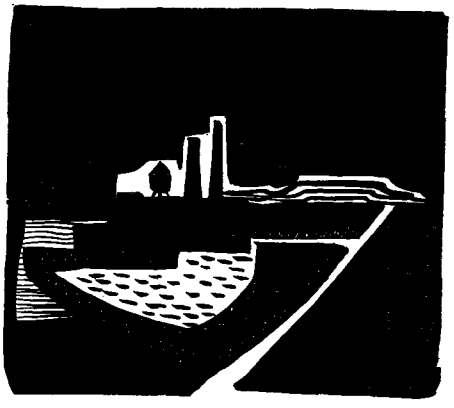


Whether or not the President's seizure is upheld in court, a solution must eventually be found to which both sides agree. To be enduring, a solution must not be based on considerations of national security but on an impartial consideration of wages, prices, profits, and the probable effect of changes in any of these elements upon the rest of the economy. Such considerations, however, cannot very well be conducted before different sets of arbiters.

What's 'Normal'?

The Wage Stabilization Board, the Office of Price Stabilization, the Economic Stabilization Agency, and finally the National Production Authority and the Office of Defense Mobilization have all looked at pieces of the puzzle, which was handed to the Secretary of Commerce only after some of the pieces had been lost. With a strong adherence to feudal principles, each party in the present dispute has tended to base its case on the need for maintaining its relative position in the price-wage hierarchy. The steelworkers, whose average hourly earnings are exceeded by few other groups of wage earners, such as railroad, oil, automobile, and building workers, say they must catch up. Industry quotes its past profits and the relation of its profits to those of business in general, and in its turn demands its due in terms of past profits and the profits of others.

Sooner or later this approach must lead to the big squabble—never solved—over what year can be considered "normal" for profits, prices, or wages. As Mr. Baruch said the other day, "The time to stop inflation is always now." Since we failed to stop it early, we shall find it increasingly difficult to resist the pleas of those who wish to preserve their relative starting positions.



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Taft-Hartley: Five Years Old

EDWIN E. WITTE

IT HAS BEEN five years since the Taft-Hartley Act was passed over President Truman's veto on June 23, 1947. Many of the extreme claims made by both its supporters and its opponents when the measure was before Congress have now been proved false, but there is still little agreement on the merits of specific provisions and even less about the law as a whole.

Many of the provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act have never been tested in the courts; quite a few have never been invoked. Although information about its actual operation is still scant, there is enough to establish that the law's effects have been far different from either what its framers intended or its labor detractors feared.

Probably the foremost consideration from a labor viewpoint has been the effect of the Act on the numerical strength of the unions. The total membership of U.S. unions has increased little since 1947, despite the fact that the labor force has increased by more than three million in that time. However, in the 1920's, another boom period, the unions made no gains, and many factors besides the Taft-Hartley Act may account for this development.

An equally indefinite verdict must be given with reference to labor's increased activities in the political field, which I predicted at the time of the law's passage was likely to prove its most important effect. There can be no doubt that organized labor has attempted to play a bigger part in politics since the Taft-Hartley Act attempted to restrict its political role, but it is debatable how effective the activity has been. There is no doubt that union members have failed to cast united votes against supporters of the Taft-Hartley Act. In 1948, however, labor resentment was probably an important

factor in the defeat of eight Senators and sixty-two Representatives who had voted for the bill. At present, politicians apparently feel that more is to be gained by proclaiming support of Taft-Hartley in rural and suburban areas than by denouncing it in industrial districts.

Fewer Strikes, More Idleness

The over-all effect of the Taft-Hartley Act on strikes has also been uncertain. There were fewer strikes and a smaller number of man-days lost through strikes in 1948 than in 1947. There was some increase in the number of strikes in 1949, and there was a great increase in man-days lost, and except for 1946, 1949 was the worst year so far in this respect. In 1950, there were more strikes but smaller strike losses, while 1951 showed a decrease in both. Although the seriousness of strikes has lessened, especially in comparison with the ten-month period immediately after the war, the general level of idleness caused by strikes has been twice as high as in the prewar years and many times that of the Second World War period.

The over-all effect of the Taft-Hartley Act on labor-management relations has also been debatable. Most companies which as a rule have had good relations with their unions still do. In some, for instance General Motors, labor-management relations have distinctly improved. In others, for instance U. S. Steel, they have grown considerably worse. In the matter of unfair-labor-practice charges, almost four times as many have been brought against employers as against unions. Hardly any of the major companies have brought such charges. On both sides, unfair-labor-practice cases usually arise during organizing campaigns or strikes, and in these instances represent a method of waging industrial warfare as much or more than a way of righting wrongs.

Major Provisions

Let us examine the workings of the major specific provisions of the Act:

UNION SECURITY. The restrictions in the Taft-Hartley Act have been popularly, though somewhat inaccurately, described as outlawing the closed shop but sanctioning the union shop. Prior to this legislation the two terms were generally used interchangeably. The Taft-Hartley Act drew a sharp distinction between them. The closed shop is one in which all workers must belong to the union; the union shop one in which they must do so after a certain period of employment.

The Act originally allowed a union shop only if a majority of all employees affected voted for it in a special NLRB election. This requirement has been eliminated by a 1951 amendment. The Act still stipulates that after an employer has entered into a union-shop

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contract, he may discharge under this clause only workers who fail to pay union dues or initiation fees. Also, although the Act does not say it in so many words, it is construed by the NLRB as forbidding strikes to compel an employer to institute a closed shop or to compel him to discharge any worker under such a contract other than for the specified reason. The Act also makes the checkoff of union dues permissible only on written authorization of the individual worker.

Whatever the effects of these sections of the Taft-Hartley Act, more plants now have some form of union security than did before the Act was passed. Most such plants are union shops, but bootleg closed shops and *sub rosa* understandings are numerous. Also, it is very apparent that the abuse of the closed union within the closed shop has not been curbed. Unions have been adversely affected by these provisions principally because of their inability effectively to discipline "disloyal" members, as expulsion from the union no longer carries with it discharge from employment. Also, this section has operated so that most NLRB elections now involve attempts by rival unions to take over workers already organized.

SECONDARY BOYCOTTS. The so-called "secondary-boycott" provisions of the Act have proved more of an obstacle to the unions. These provisions apply to strikes to compel employers to recognize unions which are not certified bargaining agents, to most forms of "sympathy" strikes, and to all concerted action against the use of non-union materials. These secondary boycotts are treated differently from other unfair labor practices in that it is mandatory for the general counsel of the NLRB to seek an injunction prohibiting them pending a hearing on the validity of the charges.

In the first three years of the Act, while Robert Denham was general counsel of NLRB, many such mandatory injunctions were issued. Quite a few of these were proved baseless when they came up for NLRB hearings, giving substance to union complaints about the issuance of such orders before labor was given an opportunity to present its side of the story. Since Denham's ouster, there have been very few of these mandatory injunctions. Other injunctions under the Taft-Hartley Act never have been numerous.

UNFAIR UNION PRACTICES. More frequent have been unfair-labor-practices cases against unions for their attempts to procure the discharge of non-union or rival-union workers. These have been premised upon the "blanket" provision which makes it an unfair labor practice for a union to interfere with the free choice of workers to belong or not belong to unions.

Other unfair-labor-practice charges against unions have not been numerous. The provision making it an unfair labor practice for a union to charge excessive or discriminatory dues has been invoked in only one case. The Act's restriction on "featherbedding" has also had almost no application. Surprisingly few cases involving jurisdictional disputes have come before the NLRB. The building-trades unions and the contractors' associations have set up their own joint machinery for the settlement of such disputes. The NLRB has encouraged resort to such machinery because its own has proved inept and ineffective in dealing with them.

UNFAIR EMPLOYER PRACTICES. There have been no very important consequences of the Act's provisions in regard to unfair labor practices by employers. Potentially, the most important of these is the stipulation that such charges must be brought within six months after the commission of a violation. The legal interpretation that most unfair labor practices are continuing violations of law has operated to make this provision less restrictive than it seems on its face, but this has recently been reversed in a Federal Court of Appeals decision.

The much-heralded employer freedom-of-speech provision made only slight changes, if any, in the legal rights of employers. Under the Wagner Act the Supreme Court held that employers had broad freedom of speech in combating unions. The spelling out of this right in the Taft-Hartley Act, however, has had the effect of making many employers much bolder in exercising their rights.

DAMAGE SUITS. The Taft-Hartley Act facilitates the bringing of suits by employers against unions for breaches of contract or other wrongful acts. As a consequence there has been an increase in the number of such suits, but most have been brought during strikes and recoveries have been few.

BARGAINING PROCEDURES. The introduction of a statutory definition of collective bargaining and of other procedures to be followed in such bargaining also has worked out differently than expected. The statutory definition of collective bargaining has been interpreted to require employers to bargain collectively about industrial pensions, health and welfare plans, merit increases, and just about anything that unions may demand. Unions took alarm over an NLRB decision that workers replacing strikers may vote in representation elections held during strikes, along with the strikers. This decision has made but little difference, however, because few elections are held while strikes are in progress.

The provision that thirty days' advance notice of intent to change contract terms must be given to the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service has been helpful in enabling that service to get into more situations that are likely to develop into strikes. The independent status given this service and the substitution of an industrialist for a career public servant as its head has improved its reputation among employers without weakening it among unions.

Some of the least-discussed provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act are in many respects turning out to be among the most important. The exclusion of foremen from the protection of the law

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has all but ended the independent Foremen's Association. The provision that protective employees, such as plant guards and watchmen, may not be included in unions representing production employees has resulted in the formation of special unions. The right accorded the employees in every craft to have separate representation is operating to multiply representation elections and is creating a growing cleavage between AFL and CIO unions.

ANTI-COMMUNISM. The much-publicized non-Communist affidavits have had the beneficial effect of strengthening the right-wing elements in unions in which the Communists were strong. By this time, however, the officers of the left-wing unions have all filed the required affidavits that they are not presently members of the Communist Party or other subversive groups. These unions now enjoy the protection of the law. This, interestingly enough, the United Mine Workers lack, because John L. Lewis, a Republican, regards the affidavit as an insult and has refused to file one. The provision that expelled union members may not be discharged under a union-shop contract so long as they continue paying dues makes it more difficult to prevent Communists from boring from within.

UNION FINANCES. The provision that unions must make annual financial reports is wholesome but has made little difference. Nearly all unions previously made such reports to their members. No abuses have developed out of the reports.

The Act and the Emergency

The value of the Taft-Hartley Act for dealing with strikes producing national emergencies is very debatable. These provisions of the law have been invoked in nine instances. In three cases serious strikes developed afterward, and in only one was there any evidence that the Taft-Hartley procedure hastened the settlement.

Such seem to me to have been the Act's major effects upon industrial relations. Many have been surprising. Collectively, they spell out neither "a slave-labor act" nor a law which is fair to both sides in all respects.

This legislation is still quite new, with many questions of interpretation unsettled. During the five years that it has been in effect, we have had a high level of employment, giving labor the theoretical advantage both in bargaining and in strikes.

The substitute for the Administration "repeal" bill which the Senate passed in 1949, but which did not get through the House, made twenty-eight major changes in the Taft-Hartley Act. In the present campaign, Senator Taft has stated repeatedly that he favors changes in the law. What changes the next Congress will make, if any, depends upon the outcome of the election.

The leading business organizations want the law to impose further restrictions upon unions. The union leaders are still talking repeal, but have plainly indicated that they would feel happy with certain modifications.

It seems to me that the most desirable procedure for revision would be a high-level labor-management conference to reach agreement on most of the points at issue. Under the existing tension and in an election year, it is futile to expect such an agreement. Probably labor-management legislation will continue to be discussed in a political atmosphere surcharged with bitterness, but anything like a satisfactory law is impossible without compromises and concessions on both sides.

About-Face!

The Story of Senator Brewster

TRIS COFFIN and DOUGLASS CATER

ON A Monday morning early in October, 1950, Owen Brewster, the senior Senator from Maine, sent word over to the Senate Press Gallery that he was holding a press conference. He had returned late the night before from a tour of Europe. Presumably he had found out things that he had to get off his chest at once.

He had. The Senator said he had paid a visit to Tito in Yugoslavia. He had been quite impressed; Tito "was one of the mildest-appearing dictators I have ever met—not at all like Hitler or Mussolini. As a matter of fact, I don't think he would be complimented but he reminded me of Franco in personal appearance."

Then Brewster got down to hard facts. Tito was in a tight spot with the drought. If he didn't get one million tons of foodstuffs by spring things would be turned upside down. If that happened, Yugoslavia would veer left, not right. Whether we gave aid or not would be the $64 question when Congress met again in November.

During the lame-duck session of Congress, aid to Tito *was* a big question. But by this time Senator Brewster had changed his mind. The Congressional Record for December 8, 1950, quotes him:

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On the need for aid: ". . . the point which I wish to make is that there are very considerable reserves of food in Yugoslavia at the present time, unless they are exporting it. . . . I saw some corn, which was equal to the finest corn ever raised in Iowa . . ."

On Yugoslavia's political crisis: "If the Senator from Arkansas [Fulbright] assumes that any change in government in Yugoslavia would necessarily be to the left, it must be on the basis of assumptions which are not warranted by any evidence presented thus far. . . . The Communists are presumably a very small proportion of the population of the country."

On the urgency of the aid measures: "I had anticipated that this would be a subject for the early consideration of the next Congress when it convened in January . . ."

So obvious a turnabout caused a lifting of eyebrows even among those who were by then used to the behavior of Senator Brewster, but few stopped to question why. Had the earlier gesture to Tito been the purely political bid of the Senate Republican Campaign Committee chairman who wished to buttress his party's foreign-policy position before the November elections? Had it been a part of his personal and later successful bid to become a member of the Foreign Relations Committee?

No one doubted that there was a motive behind Brewster's actions in proposing, then rejecting aid to Yugoslavia. His stocky figure is seldom seen around the Senate Chamber, but when he is there, it is not to sit idly and perchance edify himself by the debate. He is ever on the move, buttonholing fellow Senators for whispered conversations. A familiar pose of his is to stand leaning against the swinging doors to the Republican cloakroom off the Senate Chamber, his body half in, half out, seemingly in a crisis of indecision. His comments, spoken in a soft voice, usually have ambiguous overtones.

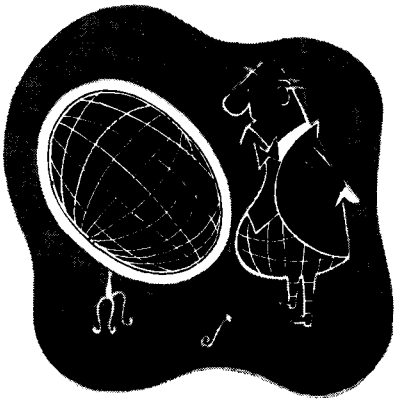
The Maine Klan

Senator Brewster, born in Dexter, Maine, on February 22, 1888, educated at Bowdoin and Harvard Law, state representative (1917-18 and 1921-22) and state senator (1923-24), decided that 1924 was the year when he should seek higher office—the governorship.

The Ku Klux Klan, by no means confined to the South in the postwar era, was strong in Maine, and it came out openly in Brewster's support. There were charges of a payoff two years later, when Governor Brewster blandly turned his back on the Republican candidate for the Senate, Arthur Gould, who was opposing the Klan-supported Fulton J. Redman. Brewster echoed a charge that Gould had exceeded the campaign spending limit. Therefore, said Brewster with a piety later to become familiar to Washington, he just couldn't support him. Gould's counsel declared that Brewster's strategy had been worked out in a conference with Redman, Grand Dragon DeForest H. Perkins, and Imperial Wizard Hiram W. Evans. Brewster admitted talking to Perkins, "as to any other citizen of Maine," but denied the charge.

Gould won the election anyhow. Two years later, when Brewster himself ran for the Senate, he lost by 2-1.

Suspicious tendencies toward a Klan-type racism have cropped up on several occasions during Senator Brewster's career. In 1937, playing upon the then widespread feeling among many Americans that Hitler's anti-Semitism wasn't quite as bad as it was painted, he assailed the late Fiorello La Guardia for the New York mayor's outspoken attacks upon the dictator. La Guardia, he said, "may succeed in aligning the Jewish vote in New York City in his behalf, but he does a serious disservice to America." Yet in 1945, Brewster was to be found calling for the immediate creation of a State of Israel. To Capitol Hill reporters on one occasion, he candidly explained why. He was hounding the White House for prompt action, he confessed, in an orgy of metaphors, because it "gives the Administration a black eye with the Jews in New York, and it also gives me a chance to twist the British lion's tail a little, thereby killin' two birds with one stone."



Brewster suffered from the Klan episode to the extent of having to run three times before he finally won election to Congress.

Danger: High Tension

Soon after his arrival in Washington, in 1935, the Administration brought forward the so-called "utility holding companies' death-sentence bill." The new Congressman from Maine had a reputation as a fighter against the power interests. At the last minute, however, with a leap that made headlines all over the country, he popped up, righteously indignant as usual, on the other side.

In a dramatic appearance before a Congressional committee investigating the utilities lobby, he charged that the President's adviser, Tommy Corcoran, had threatened dire political consequences if he didn't vote for the bill. Kenneth Crawford, in his book *The Pressure Boys,* later described what ensued:

"In a melodramatic show of uncontrollable anger he [Brewster] shouted that Corcoran was a liar. Fortunately for Corcoran, the conversation on which Brewster pinned his charges took place in the presence of Ernest Gruening, former editor of a Maine newspaper [now Governor of Alaska] . . . a man of unimpeachable integrity, who corroborated Corcoran's account of what had happened. So the bubble burst."

Shortly after this, Brewster was hanged in effigy in Lubec, Maine, under the label "political traitor" by citizens who were feeling the long, painful effects of power shortages and high rates.

Brewster was elected Senator in 1940. During the war, he served on the Senate War Investigating Committee headed by Harry S. Truman, which placed him in contact with other interesting people besides the President-to-be. He also became a member of the Aviation subcommittee of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee. It was about this time, in fact, that he acquired a friendly and sympathetic interest in the affairs of Pan American World Airways, and became sponsor of the plan for a single "chosen-

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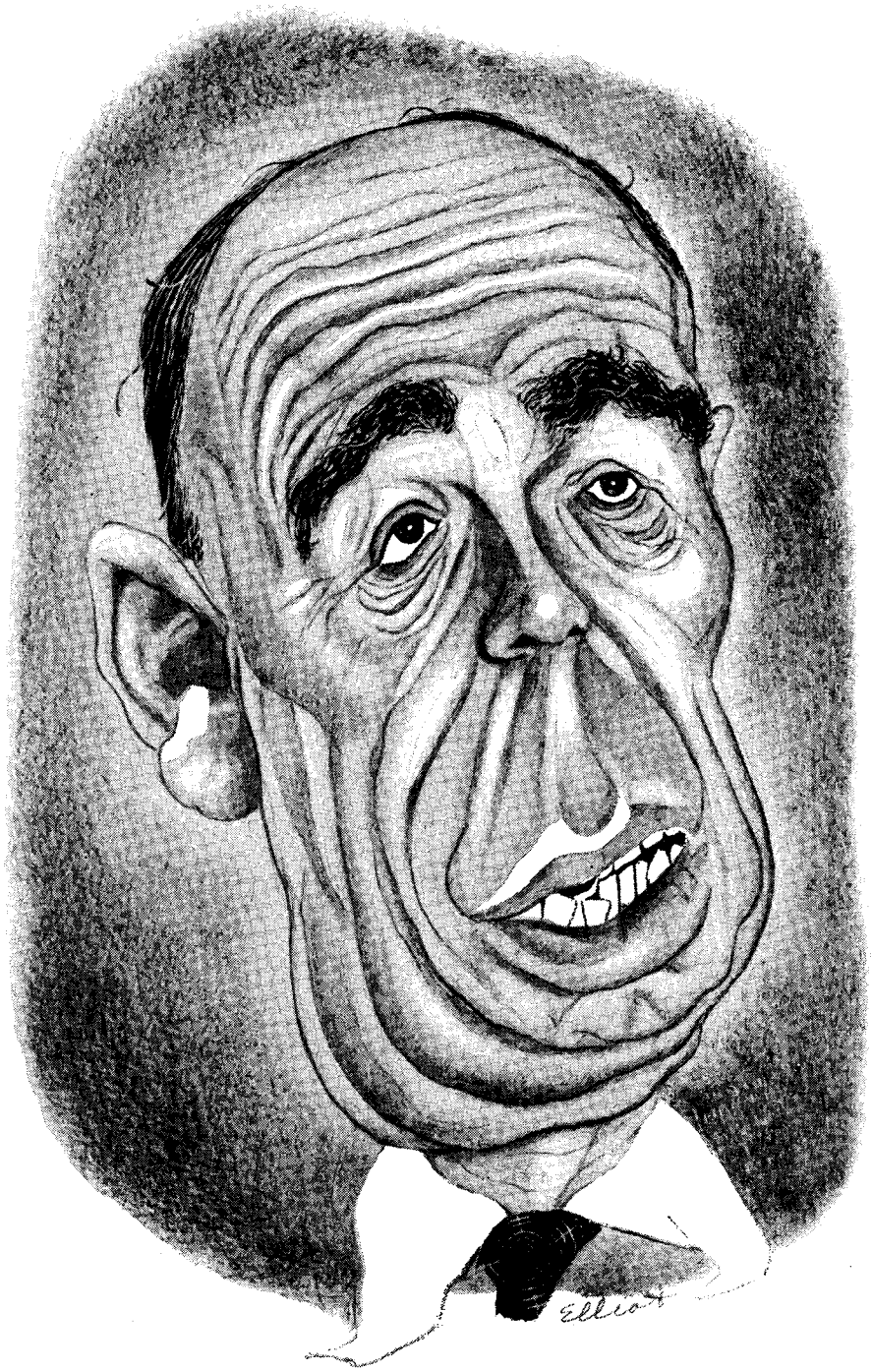

instrument" airline which was dear to the heart of Pan Am's president, Juan T. Trippe. This interest was to become the most sensational of all the Brewster involvements.

Pan Am

When the Republicans moved into control of the Senate in 1947, Brewster became chairman of the War Investigating Committee. The stage was set for something suitably dramatic, which with 1948 lying ahead might conceivably place another chairman of the committee in line for the Vice-Presidency. Unfortunately Brewster chanced to tangle with Howard Hughes, a man who gives the impression that he quit believing in human nature at age five, when he found out the things people would do for a small part of his millions. Brewster charged that Hughes's money was being used to influence the government to give contracts to his aircraft-manufacturing company.

The investigation began in the summer of 1947, when Congress was out of town and the spotlight of publicity could easily be concentrated on the big marble Senate Caucus Room. At first it centered around the activities of Johnny Meyer, Hughes's "public-relations man." These were admittedly racy enough, with stories about girls provided for government agents and others connected with the Hughes wartime plane enterprise, but they were nothing compared to the story the millionaire airman told when he got on the stand.

He testified, leaning forward with a hand cupped over his ear to catch Brewster's rejoinders and with a savage undertone in his voice, that sometime during the week of February 10, the Senator from Maine had invited him to lunch in a Mayflower Hotel suite. At the luncheon, Hughes said, Brewster had offered to call off the public investigation if Hughes would agree to merge his Trans World Airlines with Pan American. Hughes had indicated that an answer would be given in thirty days. Obviously he had spent most of them figuring how best to get revenge on the Senator.

"Brewster was perfectly frank and laid the cards on the table," Hughes said in a public statement. "Under these circumstances and since the threat of the investigation obviously was created in the first place to maneuver me into the merger with Pan Am, I did not consider that my giving in to their demands would necessarily be dishonest on my part."

Brewster turned over the gavel to his fellow Republican, Homer Ferguson of Michigan, took the stand, swore to tell the truth, and proceeded to deny the Hughes story in every particular.

Wiretapping

In August and September of 1950, the Senate District of Columbia Committee's subcommittee investigating wiretapping inadvertently threw some new light on Senator Brewster's activities in the Hughes affair. Before it Lieutenant Joseph Shimon of the District of Columbia Metropolitan Police Force, an expert in wiretapping, testified that he had been hired by Brewster and admitted that he had tapped phones leading into the rooms of Hughes employees in the Mayflower and Carlton Hotels. According to one of Shimon's close friends, Shimon had

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been similarly active at an earlier date with the phones of the late Senator Josiah Bailey in the days when Bailey, as chairman of the Commerce Committee, had not looked with favor on Brewster's plan for a "chosen-instrument" overseas airline. It also came out that Shimon had tapped the wires of a lawyer, Hugh Fulton, in 1947 when Fulton was retained by Hughes.

The reason for hiring Shimon was glibly explained by the chairman of the War Investigating Committee. A low and evil character hired by Hughes was shadowing him; he wanted Shimon to find out why.

But the three policemen whom Shimon "borrowed" for this assignment later said they were not told about any such man. Shimon had told them that they were working for a Senate committee. One testified to the Senators investigating the wiretap that he was ordered to "take down all the conversations I could."

Brewster turned down a bid from the Senators to explain his role in the affair.

'The Mystery Man'

During the wiretapping investigations also, Senator Brewster's secretary testified that one Henry Grunewald was a frequent visitor to the Senator's office. Since then Henry ("The Dutchman") Grunewald has acquired notoriety around Washington, especially in the press, which delights in labeling him "the mystery man." He has not been sufficiently mysterious, however, to keep from being cited for contempt of Congress recently after refusing to explain to a House committee his part in a half-million-dollar extortion plot involving an income-tax fix.

The tie-up between Brewster and Grunewald came more clearly into the open this March, when the King subcommittee on the administration of the income-tax law summoned Grunewald's accountant, Joseph Stearns, to testify. The Congressmen stumbled upon a $10,000 check deposited for Grunewald on May 9, 1950, which was entered in his accounts with the notation "Br" and which Grunewald had casually explained to Stearns as "just a Brewster check."

When this was revealed, Brewster rushed over to the House committee. He said he had used Grunewald as a "sort of conduit" in order to advance $5,000 each to Richard Nixon of California and Milton R. Young of North Dakota for their successful primary campaigns for the Senate. This may have explained the financial transaction, but it failed to explain the behavior of the Senate Republican Campaign chairman who had once denounced Philip Willkie, when an employee of the campaign committee, for endorsing Charles Tobey for renomination in New Hampshire. IT IS AN INVIOLABLE RULE IN POLITICS, Brewster had wired Willkie, THAT THE SENATORIAL CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE IS MOST SCRUPULOUS IN AVOIDING ANY MIXING IN PRIMARY CONTESTS WHICH ARE PECULIARLY FOR THE DETERMINATION OF THE REPUBLICAN VOTERS IN EACH STATE.

As to why he went through Grunewald: "I had known Mr. Grunewald for a good while," Brewster explained to the House committee with a placid grin. "I had every reason to have complete confidence in him. . . . If I wanted a man who had a capacity to keep his mouth shut, I think he was one." No

one pressed the Senator for a further explanation. Both Nixon and Young claimed indignantly that they did not know Grunewald was involved as an intermediary.

The DP Deal

Brewster, a churchgoer who does not drink or smoke, seems to enjoy consorting with odd companions. In 1947, the Washington *Post* pulled back the curtain on a curious tie-up between the Senator from Maine and a man named Frank Cohen, in what the *Post* described as "a neat formula to profiteer off human misery."

The deal was this: The War Assets Administration would renovate and install industrial machinery in the $1.5-million barracks and residences built in 1934 at the proposed Passamaquoddy project in Maine. Title to the property would be turned over to the city of Eastport, which in turn would let Cohen use the facilities free. The Army would transport displaced persons to Eastport and supply them with food and clothing for sixty days. Ostensibly, Cohen would train the DPs in trades centering around his Empire Tractor Corporation and then send them to Argentina, Brazil, and Uruguay. However, while they were in Maine the DPs would receive no pay. The factories where they would work in South America did not exist. The whole thing looked suspiciously like a scheme to provide Cohen free labor, free factories, and free machinery.

Brewster evidently did not look at it that way, for he lobbied furiously with the President, the State Department, the Department of Justice, the War Assets Administration, and the town officials of Eastport to hurry the deal through. Of Cohen Brewster wrote, "I have personally known Mr. Cohen for some years. . . . I am thoroughly convinced of Mr. Cohen's integrity, and his manufacturing, distributing, and financial ability."

This was remarkable in view of the fact that the Truman committee, while Brewster was a member, had made a searching inquiry into Cohen's Empire Ordnance, and declared, ". . . there appears to be some doubt in the minds of officers of the Ordnance Department as to the ability of Empire Ordnance to produce satisfactorily and there also appears to be some disaffection with the managements of the plants. Officers of the Ordnance Department interviewed by committee investigators were unanimously of the opinion Empire Ordnance and its subsidiaries were organized primarily as a stock-promotion proposition."

The Washington *Post*, whose exposure effectively quashed the whole deal, concluded sharply, "Far from the smallest contribution to the fishy odor of the whole business is the part played

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by Senator Brewster, who is back in character as a front man for a behind-the-scenes deal."

The Primaries Again

When Brewster stands for renomination in the Maine primaries on June 16, his fate will be largely determined by the degree of moral indignation which has seized the Down-Easters. His Republican opponent, Governor Frederick G. Payne, is a pro-Eisenhower man who defeated the state party organization four years ago in the primaries and then had to go on to win the election pretty much without its help. Organization Republicans in Maine are no more friendly to him today.

Brewster, on the other hand, has strength derived from a careful cultivation of party and interest groups. He has the support of the corporate interests, including the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, which hauls potatoes down from Maine, and the Central Maine Power Company, which fears a revival of the Passamaquoddy power project. Certain labor groups are behind him. The American Legionnaires are generally endorsing their fellow member. And, hardly least, Brewster gets support from the sizable numbers of the aged in Maine who cherish him for his lip service to the Townsend Plan.

But there is one local issue which will increase whatever indignation Maine citizens feel over Brewster's national and international escapades. It involves a person who stands high in their esteem, Margaret Chase Smith, their junior Senator and the only woman in the United States Senate. From reports based on good evidence, many are accusing their senior Senator of treating Mrs. Smith shamefully.

Senator Smith has maintained a dignified neutrality during the primary campaign, but her silence has an eloquence all its own. To drown it out, Brewster has of late loudly proclaimed that he and Mrs. Smith see eye to eye.

In fact Brewster is merely demonstrating once again his prowess at the lightning-fast turnabout.

When Senator Smith made her famous Declaration of Conscience on June 1, 1950, Brewster rejoined a few days later at a Republican conference: "In the immortal words of Dean Acheson, I will not turn my back on Joe McCarthy." Later, he refused to protest when McCarthy had Mrs. Smith put off the Investigations subcommittee, an act unprecedented in Senate history. Then he himself displaced her as member of the Republican Policy Committee. Some questioned whether this was being gallant. "We can't demand too much in the name of fair womanhood," Brewster was quoted in a Washington

column. "After all, we got Mrs. Smith a new chair that doesn't hurt her nylons."

The latest instance of Brewster's unpredictable behavior toward his colleague occurred last summer when the Maine Republican State Chairman, Ralph Masterman, mailed to state committee members literature prepared by the notorious "Partisan Republicans of California" which attacked Senator Smith as a "Republican renegade" who was supporting the "New Deal-Communist plot" to nominate General Eisenhower. The distribution of the literature had been decided upon at a meeting of certain committee members in Brewster's home. The cost was paid out of committee funds.

When Mrs. Smith protested, Brewster's protégés on the committee replied that she was trying to "effect censorship." Brewster himself remained silent. On October 16, Senator Taft publicly denounced the smear tactics of the California "Partisans." Then, on October 21, three months after the distribution in Maine, Brewster issued a public letter to Mrs. Smith stating that he was "distressed" to learn about it.

Measuring the Man

There is remarkable disparity among the statistics by which one measures Brewster's standing in the Senate. He is fifth in Republican seniority; second-ranking minority member of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee; member of the Minority Policy Committee. At the same time, he stands seventy-seventh in the nonpartisan rating of the Senators made by members of the American Political Science Association. (Mrs. Smith ranked sixth.) And a recent tabulation by the *Congressional Quarterly* placed Brewster fourth from the bottom in attendance at roll-call votes this session. His score was forty-six per cent.

Possibly the citizens of Maine will be asking more questions than usual this year. Why are there so many inconsistencies in their senior Senator's record? Why does he devote his greatest talents to special interests which have no connection with Maine? To Pan Am, for instance, whose nearest terminus is in Boston, more than two hundred miles away; to Franco Spain, for which he has worked ceaselessly and with whose paid lobbyist, Charles Patrick Clark, he is on very close terms; to Senator McCarthy, whom he has steadfastly supported even when it has meant taking a slap at his colleague Margaret Chase Smith. And possibly the people of Maine will be curious about Brewster's relations with men like Henry Grunewald, whose shadowy treks between Democrat and Republican make it seem doubtful that corruption is a partisan affair in Washington.

It is even likely that many people in Maine will be interested in Senator Brewster's views on foreign policy. The best indications are that popular support for Eisenhower is as great in Maine as it is in New Hampshire, where the February primary started the Eisenhower boom. If this is so, there ought to be considerable discontent with Brewster's faithful allegiance to Senator Taft.

Last spring, Brewster joined the Foreign Relations Committee to fill the vacancy left by Senator Vandenberg. Since that time, he has worked painstakingly to undermine the spirit of bipartisanship which Vandenberg so arduously built up. And with typical Brewster cynicism he has made his attitude quite clear. "I might say that I'll follow my own policies instead of his," Brewster remarked shortly after Vandenberg's death. "But that would be sacrilegious, wouldn't it?"

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Where Women Rule the Roost

JEAN LYON

THE INDIAN gentleman, in his immaculate white western suit and in his most polished Oxford English, kept referring to "my wife's children."

Since he had made it quite clear to me that his wife had not been married to anyone else before, I grew confused. He finally sensed my bewilderment.

"They are my children, too, of course," he said, "but you see, they do not belong to my family. They belong to my wife's. Her family is responsible for their support and education—not I. We are, you know, matriarchal."

That was my first face-to-face meeting with modern matriarchy.

My friend and about three million other citizens who come from India's Malabar Coast, many of them highly educated and impressively successful in such exacting spots in today's world as London and the U.N. Headquarters, are the only people in the world who have carried matriarchy into modern civilization. Here in the Malabar area it has developed into a complicated social structure which only within the last generation has been seriously affected by pressures from the patriarchal outside.

These pressures have not been entirely welcome. Some of the members of Malabar's matriarchates say matriarchy is much the better system.

"Who really cares about the welfare of the children—the father or the mother?" a lawyer member of a matriarchal family thundered at me. "The mother, of course," he answered himself. "Naturally, matriarchy is the more sensible." He made me, in my patriarchal way, feel quite primitive.

A Room of Her Own

It was Seetha who showed me the inside workings of matriarchy.

Seetha is a modern Indian girl with a B.A. degree, a knowledge of Shaw and Shakespeare, and a burning ambition to be a lawyer as well as a wife and mother. She is a stanch supporter of the matriarchal system in which she has grown up.

"It's much better," she kept telling me. "I'm important in my family. Girls are wanted, because we carry on the family line. None of the family property can be sold without my signature—we must all sign."

We were sitting on the sandy beach at Calicut, hot seaport town on the lush coast of Malabar, which supplies the world with coconut-fiber doormats marked "Welcome," as well as such commodities as black pepper and teakwood.

"Our marriage customs are more flexible than other people's, and so we have happier marriages," Seetha said. "We can be divorced easily and there is no stigma attached. The result is, there aren't many divorces."

She frowned. "Some people think our morals are loose. But that's not true. Our customs are lenient, but our families are strict.

"But in our families there is never an illegitimate child. Every child, however it is born, is legally a member of his mother's family and has a right to live in the home and share in the produce of the property.

"We never have to change our homes or our families. As long as I live, I have my home, and in it I have a room and a right to be supported. I'm not there through someone's sufferance. You see, I'm important in my family. I'm not just someone to be married off and got rid of."

One day she said, "You shall visit my *tharwad*." *Tharwad* was the word she used for the matriarchal home, and it seemed to embrace the whole thing—the members of the family, the house, the family rice fields and coconut groves. *Thara* is "the house," and *wad* is "to grow." "Growing in one house," is what Seetha said it meant.

The *tharwads* of the Malabar Coast have probably turned out more top-ranking government men per square foot of jackfruit-wood flooring than any other homes in India. The name of the original matriarchal tribe or caste, whose history goes back at least two thousand years, is Nair, Nayyar, or Nayar. Everyone bearing that name necessarily comes from matriarchal stock. Also, everyone named Menon is of ma-

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triarchal origin, for Menon was a title awarded certain Nairs by their chieftains in the past.

Walk into almost any Indian consulate or embassy and ask for Mr. Menon, and the chances are one will appear. He may be top man. If there is no Mr. Menon, ask if anyone there is a Nair, and though his name may be Chettur or Panikkar or Pillai, it is likely that someone will step forward and proudly claim his heritage.

Among prominent matriarchal Indians are V. P. Menon, of the Ministry that is in charge of recalcitrant maharajahs and agitating Communists; K. P. S. Menon, second to Nehru in the Ministry of External Affairs (Foreign Office); V. K. Krishna Menon,. India's top man in London; K. K. Chettur, India's chief representative in Japan; K. M. Panikkar, India's seeing eye in Peking; Mrs. Lakshmi N. Menon, chief of the section on women's interests at the U.N.; and the late Unni Nayar, much-beloved United Nations representative who was killed in line of duty in Korea in the summer of 1950.

Every one of these men and women was brought up in a matriarchal *tharwad.*

Uncles, Big and Small

Seetha's *tharwad* was several hours' bus ride inland. While the bus was bumping over the dusty road, Seetha chatted. She was excited, for one of her cousins had come home to have a baby.

There were fifty-two members of her *tharwad,* she said. But only about twenty-four were at home right now. Some, like herself, were working in the cities, and came home only for holidays. One uncle was in Indonesia, another in government service in Delhi. A cousin was stationed in Kashmir. She spoke of all of them as we would speak of boys and girls away at boarding school.

There seemed to be two key people in the family. One was the Senior Lady —in Seetha's family a great-aunt. Seetha spoke of her with respect and not a little awe. She was the family's social and religious arbiter. Hers was the final voice on when and whom you should marry, whether or not you could live away from home, and whether or not the family should sell or purchase property.

"She is a very orthodox Hindu," Seetha said. "She is very strict with us on things like worshiping in the early morning and bathing when we come in from the outside."

I began to wonder if my presence in the *tharwad* would be considered a polluting one.

"But she is very reasonable too," Seetha said. "She encouraged me to go to college, and agreed to my working in Calicut. And she has not pushed my marriage arrangements."

The other key figure was the senior male member of the family, whom Seetha called the *karnavan.* He was the family business head, and saw to the cultivation of the crops, sold them when they were harvested, kept the family food stores filled, and handled the family accounts.

Each woman of the family in the generation above Seetha was to her an *amah,* or "mother." Some she distinguished by name—such as Parvathiamma. Others she referred to as "old mother" or "little mother," according to their age relationship to her own mother.

The men of that generation were all uncles to her—big uncles and small uncles also by virtue of their age in relationship to her mother. These, however, were all uncles who all shared a common ancestress with Seetha.

The men who were married to her aunts were called by other terms. Seetha explained, "They are not really my uncles, since they do not belong to my family. They are only visitors in our *tharwad.* Their homes are elsewhere. . . . Just like my father," she added, as though that would make it all clear to me.

I decided to take up the case of Seetha's father later. For the present I was trying to get Seetha's *tharwad* straight. It was made up of males and females descended from Seetha's great-grandmother through the female line. The male remained a member of the *tharwad* through his lifetime, but his line ended there—for his children belonged to his wife's *tharwad.*

In Calicut, Seetha explained, where she lived with her uncle—a "real" uncle, who was a member of her *tharwad,* not a brother of her father's—she had what she supposed I would call cousins: her uncle's children. "But you see, they are different. They belong to another family. Their mother is not of our *tharwad,* so neither are they."

And to make everything crystal clear, she added, "You see, I could marry one of them, but I couldn't marry one of my cousin-brothers. So you see that we are not really related."

I was still drawing family trees in my mind, lopping off all male branches with a large hatchet marked "matriarchy," when suddenly the bus stopped and Seetha said, "This is where we get down."

There was nothing around but rice paddies and coconut groves. But between the paddies there was a narrow path. We started to walk single file, Seetha leading the way.

Girls, Girls, Girls

"It's a girl!" someone shouted to Seetha as we entered the gate which led from the paddy into a walled com-

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pound full of shade trees and well-tended plants and flowers. There was a spacious-looking house of white plaster and dark wood on top of the rise ahead of us.

Soon Seetha was surrounded by girls and women of assorted ages. Everyone was talking and swaying her head back and forth and explaining things about the recent birth. Seetha told me that the air of festivity was due to the fact that her cousin's other three children were boys.

We went inside the house, for I was to see the Senior Lady, whose apartment was upstairs, where all the women's apartments opened out on one long balcony.

The old lady was sitting cross-legged on a mat on the floor in front of a low trestle which held a large open book. Behind the trestle was a framed picture of a god, garlanded with a *lei* of yellow flowers. Above it hung a picture of Krishna.

When the old lady turned her face up toward me, my fright vanished. The eyes were large and full of luster. The nose was long and thin, and the mouth generous, the bony structure of the face strong. Her white hair hung loosely down her back. She was dressed simply in a white cotton *sari,* and one of her thin brown shoulders was bare.

She spoke no English, so Seetha translated.

It was a sad thing, she said, that so many *tharwads* were now being broken up. The young people were all growing so modern. What could the old people do?

"Look at Seetha," she said, though she was smiling rather proudly, I thought. "When I was her age, I went outside of our *tharwad* walls only once or twice a year, usually to go with my mother on a festival day to visit my father's *tharwad*—or later to visit my husband's."

She looked out through the open door across the balcony to the paddies.

"Every night around nine," she said, "we used to watch the flicker of the lanterns on the paths between the paddies. They were carried by the men leaving their own *tharwads* for their wives'. As children we used to watch for my father's lantern, which turned off from the others at that bend over there and came this way. Sometimes he brought us sweets, sometimes presents.

"I used to watch, too, from this very balcony, for the flicker of my husband's lantern. He too lived in a nearby *tharwad,* and came here after his evening meal.

"Now," she said, looking at Seetha, "when the girls marry, they go to Bombay or Delhi or Madras, and there they live in small houses with their husbands. And because the families are scattering and many husbands now come from far away, the lanterns no longer flicker at night in the paddies."

She knew very little, she said, about the system under which the men inherited everything, and people belonged to their father's families.

"They tell me that a girl has no part in the family property under the other system," she said. "Must she accept charity all her life from her husband and his people?

"No, it is not right," she said. "It is not right for a woman not to have her own home where she belongs from the minute she is born until she leaves this life for another. Neither man nor woman should have to change his home and his family in mid-life. For then he is lost."

Afterwards Seetha and I walked along the balcony, peeking into the one- and two-roomed apartments which opened on it. This belonged to one aunt, that to another.

"And this is my mother's apartment," Seetha said. "This is where I live, for until I am married, I don't get an apartment of my own."

It was time to find out about Seetha's own mother and father.

Her mother, she explained, was at the moment visiting her father, who was a businessman in Trivandrum, some two hundred miles to the south. He belonged to a *tharwad* in that area, but now he had a house of his own in Trivandrum.

So during the last six years Seetha, her mother, her older brother, and her two younger sisters had usually spent about half the year in Trivandrum with their father, and about half here in their own *tharwad.* When they were all here, her father came to visit them on weekends.

Before they had the house in Trivandrum, sometimes her mother went down to visit her father in his own *tharwad,* and sometimes he came here. But most of the time the children stayed here.

She went on to explain that her father had his responsibilities toward his sisters' children. He had to visit them often, to advise and help them.

This was a point Seetha had a hard time getting across to me. What she was trying to say was that her father's responsibility for his sisters' children was greater than his responsibility for her.

She looked at me rather despairingly and finally said, "But, you must understand, he belongs there, not here with us. When he dies, wherever he is, his body must be sent to his own *tharwad,* and his sisters' sons will perform the rites. He will be cremated in their south garden, just as members of our family are cremated in our south garden. And after that none of us will go again to his *tharwad.* That is, I don't think we will. But of course, things are changing."

Seetha admitted that she rather enjoyed the life in the separate house in Trivandrum—just her father and mother and her own brothers and sisters. "It's nice for a while," she said. "But I miss the rest of the family."

The Indolent Uncle

I met two visiting husbands as I wandered along the balcony. One was up for the weekend from Calicut. He came only on weekends, and his wife lived permanently in the *tharwad.* The other, a member of a *tharwad* nearby, came over every evening and often stayed around during the day. Not being the *karnavan* of his own *tharwad,* he didn't have much to do there.

"He's not very ambitious," Seetha warned me. "That's the only trouble with our system. Some of the men grow awfully lazy."

Later Seetha explained about the unambitious visiting uncle. When she was about thirteen, she said, there was

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a family discussion, at one of the big annual festivals when everyone was together, about this aunt and her husband. Because he was lazy and doing nothing for his own *tharwad,* her family thought perhaps it would be best for her to divorce him. After that, they promised the young aunt, they would find her a more suitable husband. But her aunt, then about twenty-five, wept and said "No." She didn't want to divorce him. So the subject was dropped, and her aunt and the unambitious husband have continued to live as they had from the start, adding a new child to the *tharwad* every two or three years.

Cherchez L'Homme

Seetha's *karnavan*—a white-haired man dressed coolly in a *munda,* which is a white cotton wrap-around skirt worn by the men on this southerly coast of India—was waiting for us on the veranda downstairs with tall glasses of fresh coconut milk. Although his clothes were informal in the extreme, the *karnavan's* manner was that of a polished country gentleman, and his English was more fluent and learned by far than Seetha's.

He wanted to show me the storehouse, which was his domain.

It was a large locked room, with an equally large locked bin in it. He unlocked everything, and showed me with pride the full store of rice. Then there were bins of dried chilis, and a cache of black pepper—"Some of this is for our own use, and some of it is our savings bank. When we need cash, we sell pepper," the *karnavan* explained.

"Have you ever read Engels?" the *karnavan* asked. "I once read—I think it was in Engels—that our Malabar matriarchal system had produced the most perfect communes in the world.

"When I was in my teens, our *tharwad* numbered over two hundred people," he said. The family later divided into three branches, he explained, the descendants of his own grandmother becoming one branch.

But in the old days, he continued, wants were simple. The family property provided the food, the milk, and the firewood. Twice a year, at the two biggest religious holidays, the *karnavan* gave each member of the family a new piece of cloth—sufficient for a *sari* for the women or a *munda* for the men. On these occasions the married men also received cash from the family coffer for spending money.

"Now one trouble is," he went on, "that the wants are increasing, and the *tharwad* can't supply them. One person wants a radio. Another wants a silk *sari* rather than a cotton one. When the women go to live in the cities, their tastes in clothes grow more expensive. Now they must wear—what is it you call it—a 'bra'? Life is much more complicated."

The *karnavan's* position in the matriarchal family had been bothering me. My preconceived notion of a matriarchate was of a society run entirely by women, and I suppose I was a bit disappointed to find that it had a male business manager who actually wielded a great deal of power. Wasn't this, I asked him, more of a rule by maternal uncles than a matriarchy?

He laughed. "Not in this *tharwad.* In some *tharwads* it is. If the Senior Lady takes little interest, the senior man can do just about as he pleases and everyone else must toe the line. If he has his own rather than the family's interests at heart, he can pull some rather shoddy tricks on the family."

Karnavans, he explained, are the cause of the breakup of many of the old *tharwads.* They have taken more and more prerogatives to themselves, letting the function of the women in the *tharwad* dwindle to nothing but childbearing. They have siphoned off

much of the income of the family land and squandered it on their wives and children instead of on their sisters and their sisters' children.

"But in this *tharwad,*" he said, "our Senior Lady has always had the last word. And fortunately she has usually been wise and fair.

"Our women have always been pretty strong-minded women," he said. "Our men were among the first to go into professions and government service, and to succeed in them, and that has been partly due to our women."

Then he told me of how he had gone to Oxford, some forty years before. His father had been a man of letters and had encouraged him in his ambition to study abroad. But it was his *tharwad,* of course, and not his father, that would have to send him. And it was his grandmother whom he had to approach on the subject.

Her decision was that the entire profits of the *tharwad* for one entire year were to be given to the boy for his Oxford education. It was about enough, he confessed, to pay his passage to London and back and keep him there for about six months.

"But I made it last two years," he said. "And I got some, if not a complete, Oxford education."

Education, he said, had always been important in their *tharwad,* as it was in many of the matriarchal homes here. Usually the *tharwad* itself had a teacher attached to it who came in daily to teach the younger children. He was paid in rice. Girls and boys sat together in his classes.

Then the *tharwad* did its best to send its members on to higher schools and colleges—both its men and its women. He mentioned the high literacy rate on the Malabar Coast—estimated at about seventy per cent, whereas in other parts of India it is usually around ten per cent.

"I tell you," he said with emphasis, "wherever the woman is still really in charge as the *tharwad's* guiding spirit there is no community in India that offers greater equality and greater opportunity to its members, male and female. It is only where the male has taken over, and the *karnavan* has become the director, that the system has failed. There is something to the theory that women are builders, not destroyers."

Male Termites

This was Seetha's matriarchy—where *she* was important. It wasn't everyone's.

Every third person in the state of Travancore-Cochin and in the Malabar district of Madras (all of which is the Malabar Coast) has his family roots in matriarchy.

There seemed to be almost as many versions of matriarchal practice as there were *tharwads.* But the main

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outline was the same. Seetha's family was organized much as were all the others I saw and heard about. The main differences were in the amount of say-so the women had and the amount of power the *karnavan* had. In some instances in *karnavan*-ruled *tharwads* the women seemed to me in almost a more imprisoned and curtailed stage of living than in the nonmatriarchal areas, even though when they were on an equal status they seemed to be by far the most independent and self-possessed women I had met in India.

Most Nairs and Menons said that the high point in their matriarchal civilization had been passed. Many *tharwads* are now falling below their own highest standards, and their breakup is now in process.

There are a number of major reasons.

One is that the system was exploited by nonmatriarchal men who found in the Nair *tharwads* an easy method of raising a family without responsibility.

Although the Nairs were strict about intermarriage with lower castes, because they were orthodox Hindus, they allowed their daughters to marry into one higher caste—a special Brahman group known as the Nambudris. These Nambudri Brahmans had a peculiar system of their own. Although they were patriarchal, only the eldest son of a family was allowed to marry. He, of course, married in his own caste, and carried on the family name and the family property. His younger brothers received no share in the property and remained, in Brahman eyes, unmarried.

Thus the Nambudri Brahman younger brothers found it surprisingly convenient to marry the Nair women, who were supported by their own *tharwads* and who brought the children up as Nairs. But because of their strict religious taboos, the Nambudris were not allowed to eat with their wives or with their own children. They lived at home, ate at home, and visited their wives only at night.

Nair families were proud of such unions and encouraged them because the Nambudri Brahmans were religious leaders and scholars. Each system certainly seemed to play into the hands of the other, except that the matriarchal *tharwads* bore the entire economic burden, and many of them grew to include more people than their lands could support.

In far less numbers, and for a briefer time, some of the English tea planters found the Nair system equally convenient. A family raised somewhere on the Malabar Coast created no problem in England, for it belonged to its Malabar *tharwad*.

One western anthropologist who recently visited the area remarked that he didn't understand why the Malabar Coast had not been more of "a Tahiti for the men of the West" than it was.

Apparently there had been, in the earlier days of Malabar matriarchy, polyandry and even promiscuity, and these had occasioned considerable outcry from British moralists and from other Brahmans.

Nineteenth-century reports indicate that there were strict rules by which the several husbands of one woman lived. Each had his day or days of the week, and when his time with his wife was up, he left on the dot. If noon was his departure time, the next husband might arrive at 12:01. To avoid mixups, husbands signified that they were in residence by leaving their shoes outside their wives' doors.

Twilight of Matriarchy

In actual practice, by all accounts, the unions became increasingly monogamous, and even divorce was seldom practiced by the end of the nineteenth century—at least among the more educated classes.

Outbursts against Nair immorality nevertheless continued for many years, and in 1912 a law was passed which gave Nair marriages and divorces legal status.

A wave of reform swept through the *tharwads* themselves. A novel was written exposing the Nambudris' exploitation of the *tharwad*, and it became a Malabar *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Families began refusing to allow their daughters to marry Nambudris, and took pride in marrying them only into their own Nair group, where every male theoretically contributed to the support of his sisters and their children.

But even with the reforms, the pressures have become too great for many *tharwads*. Other laws have made it possible for any member of a *tharwad* to get his share of the property and break away from the communal group if he wishes to. Many are doing it, and some of the greatest of the old *tharwads* are partitioning their property among their members and closing their great solid, handsome ancestral doors.

Home Was Never Like This

This is having strange and in some cases sad effects. One social worker said that young married girls whose *tharwads* had been partitioned were having serious nervous disorders because they could not adjust to the insecurity of the small family unit of mere husband and children. They were frightened of bearing children at all because they did not know where they could go for their confinements. Hospitals are strange to them and seem expensive. In fact, the burden of the total economic responsibility for a family seems to many of them—both men and women—so impossible that some are breaking under the strain.

A Britisher named F. Fawcett, writing in 1901 for the Madras Government Museum Bulletin, probably summed up the virtues of Malabar's matriarchy as succinctly as anyone:

"Equality of the sexes in all sexual matters, man and woman . . . having equal freedom . . . is certainly an uncommon merit . . ." Then, probably thinking of the average middle-class householder back home, he concluded testily: ". . . the ordinary hugger-mugger, which sometimes stultifies all pleasure in existence, is avoided."

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Spark Plugs of the New Conservatism

HUGH MASSINGHAM

A FEW WEEKS before last fall's British general election, most political observers felt confident that they knew how Winston Churchill would fill the first half-dozen posts in his Government. Anthony Eden would lead the House of Commons. The frail Lord Salisbury would be Foreign Secretary. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe, perhaps the most beloved of all the Conservative leaders, would be given the key post of keeping the peace in industry. Obviously Oliver Lyttelton would go to the Treasury.

There was one striking omission from the lists: R. A. Butler. Having filled in the first six vacancies, the prophets then paused to consider the puzzling problem of what was to be done with Mr. Butler. Even Mr. Butler himself was a little vague about his future. When asked about it, a dreamy, almost spiritual look would pass across his face and he would murmur something about an "Empire job." No one —least of all Mr. Butler—took this seriously.

Not one of the prophets' predictions has come true. Most important, Mr. Butler, and not Mr. Lyttelton, is Chancellor of the Exchequer. Anybody who wishes to understand British politics must begin at this point.

For in Britain the head of the Treasury is not in the relatively modest position of his American counterpart. In Britain there are two important posts, Treasury and Foreign Office, and the power of a British Chancellor of the Exchequer has tended to increase during the postwar years. Sir Stafford Cripps was almost the Hjalmar Schacht of Britain; he was as near an economic dictator as anybody can get to be in a democracy. Mr. Butler cannot hope to have the moral authority of a Cripps, but no one in the Tory Administration has a greater opportunity. If he can salvage Britain from its present difficulties, he will not only save his own party; he will be well on the way to No. 10 Downing Street when Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden have retired.

Wide World

R. A. Butler

Mr. Butler is a strange figure—so strange that one might almost say he is the last person to lead the Conservatives. To begin with, he is an intellectual, and the Conservatives are largely ruled by instinct, by emotion, by tradition. Even a faint wisp of long hair is suspect. Butler is, furthermore, an introvert, like most intellectuals. Not for him the happy slap on the back, the easy joke. He feeds on official documents as naturally as a silkworm grazes on mulberry leaves. Abnormally shy, he often makes the mistake of overdoing his welcome. He will say to a stray journalist, "Of course, I regard you as an artist." He will say to somebody he has not bothered to see for months, "How nice to meet somebody so intelligent!" And although these phrases flatter the hearer's vanity, Mr. Butler never seems to realize that the grateful recipient may not be quite so stupid as he thinks.

The Rayon-Velvet Glove

But there is another revealing difference between Butler and Lyttelton. Mr. Butler's wealth comes from Courtaulds, a rayon firm, one of the largest and most successful companies in England. Snugly safe on the Courtauld board, Mr. Butler is inclined to see "the social problem" as an extension of Victorian charity, when the squire's wife went out with a basket of good things to distribute among the deserving poor. Mr. Butler can be seen almost any day handing out co-partnership schemes to deserving workers. This is possible in Courtaulds, which has almost a monopoly, and whose officers therefore cannot be expected to feel that there is anything radically wrong with the world. Mr. Lyttelton has had to fight for his living. His instinctive reaction to the social revolution is to hoist the Jolly Roger and charge into the fight with a gleaming cutlass.

How, then, did the shy, cautious Mr. Butler beat Mr. Lyttelton to the Treasury job? Partly, perhaps, because Britain's big financial houses thought that Mr. Lyttelton's strong-arm methods might do more harm than good. But the main reason that Mr. Butler is Chancellor of the Exchequer is to be found in the result of the British general election.

A month or so before it took place, even pessimistic Conservatives believed that their party would be returned with a majority of from 30 to 50 seats. Some predicted 150 and even 200. Then came the awful dawn. The Conservatives squeaked through with a bare majority. From that moment the Lyttel-

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ton group was doomed. It was thought that Mr. Lyttelton, who, politically, has a natural bias to the Right, would automatically alienate the decisive Liberal votes. The same reasoning explains Mr. Butler's rise to power.

For whatever else Mr. Butler may be, he is certainly not a political bruiser or unaware of the strength of the organized workers. Mr. Butler is the son of a university don and in his fledgling years acquired a passion for education, as well as a detached and philosophical mind. This early grounding would probably in any case have put him in the center, or even the left wing, of the Conservative Party, and what happened to him in the early days of his political career pushed him further in that direction. Whether by luck or design he had a minor post in the old India Office when the British first tried to come to terms with Gandhi, and the part he played in those negotiations automatically made him suspect in the eyes of right-wing Conservatives. His Education Act, passed in 1944, probably never would have gotten by the Old-School-Tie diehards before the war, but it established his reputation among the general public as a liberal and humanitarian.

And yet despite his abilities, his industry, and his ceaseless ambition, there were still doubts about Mr. Butler. Was he perhaps too academic, too detached for the murderous cut-and-thrust of politics? In the last six years, he has decisively answered this question.

Catching the Breeze

Every man has his opportunity, and talent consists in seeing and acting on it. Mr. Butler's chance came when the Conservatives went down to overwhelming defeat in 1945. Labour's victory created a vacuum in the Conservative Party, and Mr. Butler decided to fill it.

And so there began a slow Conservative recovery with Mr. Butler at the pivot. First he grouped around himself some of the ablest young men that the party had ever had. Then followed what were called a number of Charters, which were in fact policy statements that neatly set the Conservative sails to catch any stray Liberal breeze. In 1951 such a breeze helped the Conservatives back into power.

To appreciate this achievement it is necessary to understand the twentieth-century evolution of Conservatism. Originally the party had an agricultural and aristocratic basis, and even until recently its leader was chosen not by the rank and file at an annual conference, but largely by secret agreement among some of the old English families—by the Devonshires, who have great landed estates; by the Salisburys, who have played a leading role in British politics since the first Queen Elizabeth; and by the Derbys, who still own a large part of Liverpool.

This foundation was solid and powerful enough in the eighteenth century, but it was clearly a wasting asset after the Industrial Revolution. The Tories instinctively saw the urban poor as peasants and yeomen, whereas the industrial workers repudiated the old traditional ties and demanded that they be treated as equals—a fact most Conservatives refused to recognize.

Tory Changes

It was a Liberal renegade who had the most lasting influence. Joseph Chamberlain, the father of Neville Chamberlain, crossed the aisle to the Conservative side of the House over the issue of Home Rule for Ireland. Surely this attractive and expansive man, with the orchid in his buttonhole, his leftish views, his golden voice, should have been able to bring about an alliance between traditional Conservatism and the industrial poor. In fact he did something quite different. Though some workers may have gone over to the Conservatives as a result of Chamberlain's apostasy, most of his recruits were from the middle class. Since then Chamberlain's fifth column has become the strongest body within the party.

The annual party conference exactly

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mirrors all these various strains within the movement. An occasional backwoods peer can be seen wandering, open-mouthed, through the fabulous wonders of the modern hotel. Sometimes one comes across a curiously horsy figure in clothes fashionable some thirty years ago. But the majority of the delegates are simple middle-class people, drawn largely from the towns and earning anything from 750 to 2,000 pounds a year. The aristocracy has ceased to play any decisive part in local Conservative organizations, and its role has not been taken over by the captains of industry. The man who owns the local factory may give the party an occasional check, but he has neither political training nor tradition of public service. The richer he becomes, the more concerned he is to ape the superficial manners of his aristocratic predecessors. He buys a country house, throws fishing and shooting parties, and is never happier than when seen grinning from the pages of some glossy magazine. The local organization thus falls into the hands of the middle class—of the butcher, the bank manager, and the technician.

But those who do so much of the work, fill most of the key positions, and subscribe to the party funds do not in fact exert a corresponding influence on the party's policy. And this is not merely because many of them are politically naïve. When Neville Chamberlain fell, it was not only appeasement that was thrown overboard. The whole prewar Conservatism was repudiated at the same time. The Conservatism of Neville Chamberlain was cautious, unimaginative. It would never, as the party did during the war, have agreed to a policy of full employment. It would never, as it has in the last six years, have accepted the nationalization of the coal mines, of the Bank of England, of gas, of electricity, and the railways. Even though it may seem obvious to us now that the party had to compromise, that does not minimize the success of the postwar leadership.

It must not be assumed that Mr. Butler took the party by the neck and forced the medicine down its throat. He was helped enormously by the general consternation brought on by defeat and the resulting stimulus to the new ideas. This intellectual unrest penetrated as far as the universities. The young are always attracted to lost causes, and in any case there was bound to be a reaction against socialism precisely because it had become so fashionable. Suddenly it was seen that the British Labour Party was still using ideas that had been worked out forty years ago by the Webbs and the Fabian Society—and that Conservatism could be just as exciting.

Above all, Mr. Butler was helped by some extraordinarily able colleagues. Though he reaped the harvest, he did not go out to sow by himself. There was the late Oliver Stanley, for instance, who certainly had as much to do with the new policy as Mr. Butler. Stanley was not only the wittiest speaker in the House; he also had the unique asset of being a Derby. A strange and moving figure. How well I remember that haunted and despairing face when I used to go and see him in his hotel room, furnished in such execrable taste that it was a torture to sit there. Because of *his* connection with the Derbys and his influence over Mr. Churchill, Mr. Butler would never have got anywhere if Oliver Stanley had opposed him.

Macmillan, Eccles, and Hailsham

Then there is Mr. Harold Macmillan, who may yet outstrip Mr. Butler for the Premiership. Mr. Butler has many political qualities—industry, patience, ambition—but no one would call him original. Mr. Macmillan is a serious rival because he is intellectually all alive, aware of the modern age to his fingertips, capable of taking great risks. He too has a great opportunity, even though he is in a humbler position than Mr. Butler. As the Minister in charge of housing, he is in a post of extraordinary danger because the Conservatives at the last election promised to try and build 300,000 houses as against the Labour Party's 200,000. If Mr. Macmillan could increase output to even 250,000, he might yet become the darling of the party.

Another man on his way up is David Eccles, who was often touted for the Treasury but in fact has been given the Ministry of Works. A few months before the general election, when the Conservatives had reached a curious state of exhaustion, Mr. Eccles began formulating a new Conservative policy. In a series of careful and moderate speeches, he said in effect that it was fatal for the party merely to defend the inheritors of wealth. Primarily, he said, the Conservatives should be the patrons of the creators of wealth—the midwife of the managerial revolution. Conservatism must cease to lean on its narrow traditional support and become the friend of all those with ambition and particularly of the new technicians in the factories.

Lord Hailsham is another man who can afford to watch and wait. Some twenty-five years ago, when he was a young man at Oxford, he was spoken of as a future Prime Minister. Even then it was realized that he concealed a ruthless and lively mind behind a cherubic countenance. The angelic looks have all gone now; Lord Hailsham resembles a rather touchy bulldog, permanently frustrated through being deprived of a nourishing meal off somebody's leg. No one is more fearless and respected. It is not only that he was one of the more robust filibusters in the doldrum years after 1945. He was among the first to see that the crisis in which the Conservatives seemed so firmly caught was not new—there was a revealing parallel in the Reform Bill of 1832. Then, as after 1945, the party was split. Some were for fighting the revolution to the last barricade; others were for compromise. In the end the Conservatives issued a famous statement, called the Tamworth Manifesto, which in effect ratified the New Deal.

What Lord Hailsham wanted after 1945 was another Tamworth. The Conservatives, he felt, should accept many of the reforms introduced by the Labour Party. All this is now official policy, and although it would be absurd to give all credit to Lord Hailsham, he has certainly played a large part in the party's recovery.

Divisions Within

The question is whether this recovery is permanent. It is not only that the little Conservative garrison with its tenuous majority is obviously hard pressed. How long can a party go on ignoring a middle class which is the pillar of its support? Indeed, nothing is more striking at the moment than the contrast between Mr. Churchill and his chief lieutenants and the simple enthusiasts who gather for three days at the annual conference and are graciously al-

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lowed to express their opinions. Mr. Churchill and his intimates are all rich men. Mr. Churchill himself was not born with a fortune—it is to his credit that he has earned his wealth from his talents as a writer. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe is one of Britain's most successful barristers. Mr. Lyttelton, Mr. Eden, Mr. Butler, Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Macmillan are all rich even by the standards of thirty years ago. They have no more connection with the middle class than Solomon in all his glory.

In fact, if anybody wants to peer into the future of the Conservative Party, he must look at the young men who have entered Parliament in the last year or two. Some are drawn from the old aristocratic families, but the majority of the new M.P.s have never had any great possessions or titles. They come from the middle class and understand it in a way that Mr. Churchill never can.

The Backroom Boys

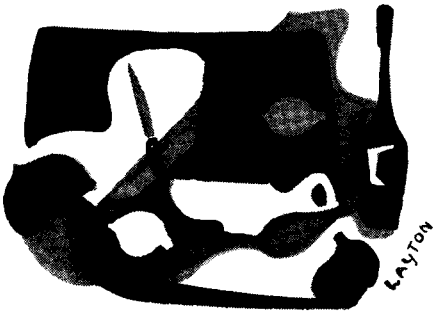
Perhaps the most important of them are the backroom boys who were on Mr. Butler's staff after 1945, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that they look to him as their leader. Mr. Butler is not the sort of person who rouses passionate loyalty. Cold and detached, he appeals to self-interest, not to selfless virtue. The Cassius of British politics, he knows that if he stumbles the knives at his back will be as sharp and angry as those he has used himself. These young Conservatives may sometimes appear to form a bodyguard around him, but that is a misleading impression. They should be judged on new standards—on their own ability and the trends they express within the party.

Let me begin with Iain Norman Macleod. Mr. Macleod is short, with a curious sidling walk that comes from a war wound—and he is a romantic, a poet, and a devout churchman. There is no doubt that he has made a great impression on the House since he became a Member in 1950. Mr. Macleod contemptuously repudiates the word "Conservative"—he prefers the old name "Tory." He goes back to the ideals of Disraeli and Lord Randolph Churchill —to the conception of a Tory Party that is not only the guardian of the virtues of the Old Order but champion of the poor against the merciless and inhuman encroachment of the state. It is no accident that he has taken an interest in social questions and is now an expert on the Health Service introduced by the Labour Party. For the first time in many years the Conservatives are moving into a field which has hitherto been left in the hands of the enemy. And yet Mr. Macleod is not truly in line with future developments. He is a little too romantic, a little too intellectual for the practical middle class that is knocking on the door.

If I were a betting man, my spare money would be on Mr. R. H. Maudling, who was also on Mr. Butler's research staff. Like Mr. Macleod, he is an authentic member of the middle class. He has as lively a mind, but he is not a romantic.

Within a decade the present Conservative leadership will disappear, and the middle class will no longer allow itself to be bullied and ignored. Mr. Maudling seems more its man than almost any other Conservative in Parliament. If he fulfills his promise, he will not exploit his party's baser passions but attempt, as Mr. Butler has done, to keep it in the middle of the road. Without that kind of leadership, it may swing aimlessly to the Right.

Footnote On The Sicilian Elections



LIONEL BIRCH

In the café-bar in Catania, the three men with memories were drinking respectively grappa, Marsala, and cognac. All were members of what are known as the professional classes; and I fancy that at least two of the three were entitled to call themselves *dottore*—"doctor," a designation which, in Europe, need imply no connection with the practice of medicine.

After the first glass, the Grappa said to me: "If I were you, I shouldn't bother to try and discover the so-called issues in these municipal elections of ours in May. It will be more valuable for you if we explain to you fundamentally the way things are here in Sicily these days.

"Well, then . . . The first thing to realize is that we Italians don't hate anyone. We don't hate the Americans. We don't hate the British."

"We don't hate the French," said the Cognac.

"We don't even," said the Marsala, "hate the Russians."

"The Italians don't hate anyone," resumed the Grappa, who was by now the Second Grappa, and therefore warming to his task of exposition. "Nor do the Sicilians. The Sicilians are a most tranquil people. You may have heard talk of bandits and brigands. Do

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not give it a thought. There may be a vendetta here and there. But you, as an impersonal visitor, can drive or walk anywhere on the island, day or night, without trepidation. The sole thing which these tranquil people demand is that you do not regard their womenfolk."

"And what," inquired the Cognac, "could be fairer than that?"

"So," the Marsala summed up, "we Italians don't hate anyone."

The Grappa took a deep breath. "But," he said, "we *do* love Italy. Unfortunately, however . . ."

"Unfortunately," repeated the Cognac, "unfortunately . . ."

"Unfortunately, however," said the Marsala, "our Government . . ."

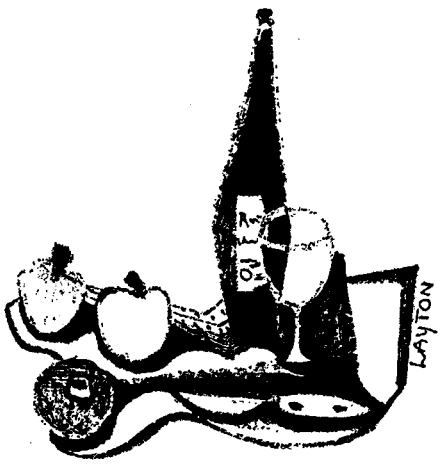
"Our Government," the Grappa took over again, "our Italian Government is headed by an Austrian, De Gasperi, who sat in an enemy parliament during the First World War. And our army . . ."

"Our Italian Army . . ." said the Cognac, addressing me directly, "well, how would *you* like it, Sir, if the Cabinet Minister responsible for *your* army today were Ezra Pound, or the late Lord Haw Haw, who broadcast against your country during the war?"

"Then how do you suppose *we* like it," inquired the Marsala, before I had time to express a preference, "now that *our* army is responsible to a Cabinet Minister—Pacciardi—who broadcast against *our* country during the war?"

"You may have noticed, Sir," said the Cognac, "how, in the streets today, nobody smiles. That," he added, in a somewhat melodramatic stage whisper, "can be dangerous."

"Poor Italy," said the Grappa, who was now on his fourth and developing a pronounced glassiness of the eye. "Who in the whole Italian Government, who in all the Italian political parties, thinks of Italy? Togliatti and Nenni, they think of Russia. Saragat and his bunch think of Britain. Sforza used to think of France. Pacciardi thinks of America. De Gasperi thinks of the Vatican. But, Sir, I ask you—*who thinks of Italy?*"



"If King Umberto landed in the south tomorrow, he could probably sweep the whole country in a week," said the Marsala. "However," he added coldly, "if Czar Stalin landed in the north, it would probably take him just about the same time."

"What is required," said the Grappa, who was becoming rather impatient with all these interruptions, "is a strong Italian Government. Perhaps not even that; a strong Italian police force would serve as well. Or, at all events, a strong uniformed force."

"Maybe a considerable further recruitment to the Corps of Hotel Commissionaires could take care of the situation," said the Marsala, draining his fifth glass.

"There is no place in Italy, even today," said the Grappa reprovingly, "for cynicism."

"Sir," declaimed the Cognac at me, "you cannot kill Italy. You can kill Mussolini. But you cannot kill Italy."

I said diffidently that I didn't think anyone wanted to kill Italy.

"Then why," demanded the Grappa, "do the British refuse to admit into their country the full number of coal miners we could send them? Why are the gates of all countries of the world half closed to our teeming millions? Where have our colonies gone? Why does not America give us the capital so that Sicilians can go to work to get the sulphur that you all need? What answer are we supposed to make to the Italian Communists?"

"Only last night in Rome," said the Cognac, "the Communists rioted because an Italian cinema was showing an American film, starring a British actor, about General Rommel."

"You realize, Sir," said the Grappa, "that the only reason why the Italians threw the Fascists *out* was because the Fascists let the Germans *in*."

"I want one last drink," said the Cognac.

"For me no more," said the Marsala. "For me, just a *caffé*—an *espresso*."

I beckoned to the waiter and ordered a grappa, two coffees, and a cognac.

The man who had been drinking cognac threw his hands above his head. "*Mamma mia!* Not a *cognac!*"

"I am sorry," I said. "I thought you were drinking cognac."

"Not *cognac,* Sir, but *brandy.* In Italy, we are not allowed to write or speak of Italian 'cognac.' It is expressly forbidden by a clause written into the peace treaty between France and Italy."

French Atrocity

I was just about to go into a slight argument on the question of Scotch and whiskey and so on, when the Marsala, whose coffee had just arrived, sailed into action again.

"Furthermore" said the Marsala, "when the French had their say in Tunis again, they banned all the Italian *espresso* coffee machines and substituted French *café-express* gadgets. . . . A shortsighted act," he added, "from all points of view."

The Grappa now started to speak in the grave manner of a judge who is about to sum up: "But the first and last thing to realize," he said, "is that we Italians don't hate anyone. We don't hate the British. We don't hate the Americans."

"We don't hate the Germans or the Russians," said the Marsala.

"We don't"—it was the Cognac, speaking now with sixfold emphasis and resonance, who had the last word —"we don't even hate the French."

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How We Saved Money And Lost Friends in Bolivia

ROBERT H. ESTABROOK

Last July W. Stuart Symington, then administrator of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, boasted that he had saved American taxpayers half a billion dollars. He had done this, he explained, by following the recommendations of the Senate Preparedness subcommittee in not buying strategic materials from countries that were "gouging" the United States.

But this so-called saving was not sheer profit. For the RFC's refusal to concede a few cents in the price of Bolivian tin—a concession that was ultimately made to other tin-producing countries—has contributed to a wave of terrorism that threatens to engulf a sizable area of this hemisphere.

The bloody coup in April by the Bolivian National Revolutionary Movement (M.N.R.) was by no means unexpected. For months the State Department had warned the RFC that failure to conclude a tin contract would give aid to the insurgent movement headed by Víctor Paz Estenssoro, who has managed to stay on good terms with both Juan Perón of Argentina and the Bolivian Communists. But Symington remained adamant.

Poverty in the Andes

The result, at least partly attributable to RFC intransigence, is that a friendly Government has been replaced by one with Nazi antecedents. Perón's ambitions have been whetted in the process, and representative government in Chile has been hemmed in by autocratic régimes on three sides—in Argentina, Peru, and now Bolivia. Moreover, the threat to nationalize the Bolivian tin mines may very well promote similar notions in neighboring countries where there are large American investments in oil and copper.

To understand why the RFC's "saving" was not a saving, it is necessary to take a look at economic conditions in Bolivia. This barren inland country is a political backwater, second only to Haiti as the most impoverished nation in the hemisphere. Its importance to the United States lies in the fact that it has been one of the few strategically secure sources of tin. During the Second World War it furnished much of the tin used by the Allies.

For the most part, Bolivia's tin is in the form of low-grade concentrates obtained from mines twelve thousand to eighteen thousand feet up in the Andes, owned mainly by the Patiño interests, which sell entirely to London; the Hochschild family; and the Aramayo syndicate.

The tin owners, particularly the Patiño and Hochschild families, are unpopular in Bolivia. Indeed, resentment of their robber-baron tactics has forced them to live abroad most of the time. The contrast between riches and rags remains, but the day of undisguised exploitation is over. Bolivia's tin miners enjoy the highest wages in the country —from $1.50 to $3 a day, plus low-cost food and other perquisites.

Naturally, Bolivia's fortunes are closely linked to tin. Bolivia does not raise enough food to support itself, and despite recent attempts to diversify both agriculture and industry, it remains essentially a one-product country. Tin sales furnish fifty-nine per cent of its taxes and over seventy-five per cent of its foreign exchange.

Politics has always been tempestuous in this Andean fastness. But when the National Revolutionary Movement gained control in 1943, it introduced new techniques. Unlike the traditionally mild and cautious Latin-American dictatorship, the M.N.R. borrowed its techniques directly from Hitler. It began an orgy of purges and murders on a scale hardly witnessed before in South America. When the yoke was finally cast off in 1946, the leader of the M.N.R., Gualberto Villaroel, was lynched from a La Paz lamppost by angry students. His heir in the M.N.R., Paz Estenssoro, fled to Buenos Aires.

After the ouster of Villaroel, Bolivia had a succession of precarious middle-of-the-road Governments. They were constantly threatened, however, by the underground link between the M.N.R. and the Communists. In a Presidential election last May, Paz Estenssoro, campaigning in exile from Buenos Aires, won a plurality. The M.N.R., of course, was able to promise everything—nationalization of the tin mines, higher

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wages, and an end to "foreign imperialism."

The fact that no candidate had a majority threw the decision into the Bolivian Congress. Paz Estenssoro had great popularity among the ninety-five per cent of Bolivia's population that was barred from voting by literacy qualifications, and there was fear of an M.N.R. coup. The Government of Mamerto Urriolagoitia virtually invited an army clique led by General Hugo Ballivián to take over.

It was the Ballivián Government that dickered with Mr. Symington for an increase in the price of tin—and failed. The Ballivián Government's case was progressively weakened, of course, by the fact that shipments were piling up in Chilean ports.

Enter the RFC

Symington came into the picture early in 1951, when RFC was given sole responsibility for the purchase of tin for the current needs of U.S. industry and for strategic stockpiling. The RFC also operates the only tin smelter in the United States, at Texas City, which processes all the Bolivian tin concentrates we import.

Along in March of last year the Senate Preparedness subcommittee issued a highly critical report on strategic materials. Charging that "gouging" and manipulations by a world tin cartel had shot the price from seventy-seven cents a pound before Korea all the way up to $1.90, it recommended that tin purchases be halted. Symington, who had formed a sort of mutual admiration society with Chairman Lyndon Johnson of the Senate subcommittee, followed the recommendation.

Unquestionably, tin producers did take advantage of the Korean War to increase their dollar income, but no evidence was adduced to prove the charge that a world cartel had gouged the United States. The Senate subcommittee itself recognized that "the major factor [in the price increase] was our Government's decision to accelerate completion of the stockpile." It is hardly surprising that the tin market reacted as it did to the widely advertised American buying spree.

In the wake of the Senate report Symington set out to break the market. He did this by selling RFC-owned tin (as distinguished from the national strategic stockpile) at $1.03 a pound, far below the world price then current. By June 18 the world price (based on Singapore) had dropped to $1.06.

Meanwhile the State Department became alarmed over the possibilities of the market-busting operation in Latin America, and Symington agreed to send a mission to Bolivia. It reported that the Bolivian government had seized the opportunity to boost export taxes one hundred per cent, and that the $1.50 a pound which the Bolivian producers were demanding included this tax increase.

Thereupon Symington concluded that $1.12 a pound was all he would offer. The Bolivians, after considerable grumbling, accepted this as the basis for a one-month interim contract in September, 1951. Then a deadlock ensued. The Bolivians finally reduced their formal demands to $1.30, and there was talk in Washington that they would have been happy at one point to take $1.18. But Symington stuck resolutely to $1.12.

Certainly the starchiness of the tin operators and the tax finagling of the Bolivian government contributed to the unpleasantness. But the fear of a dictated price struck a responsive chord all over Latin America, particularly in other one-crop or one-product countries. Symington rapidly became the most unpopular American south of the Rio Grande. Latin-American diplomats, nursing resentment over what they considered to be postwar economic neglect by the United States, talked of haling this country before the United Nations for "economic aggression."

The Latin-American news magazine *Visión* quoted one ambassador as remarking: "If the RFC continues with its policy, the future offers the prospect of the immediate economic upset of Bolivia and of the other nations of this hemisphere on future dates." Another ambassador, criticizing American policy on raw materials, complained: "When prices are high, you always want them controlled; when they are low, you always want a free market."

Deal with Churchill

Although no tin was sold from the American strategic stockpile during the set-to, domestic tin stocks fell danger-

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ously. The RFC's efforts to undercut the market would have made sense only if the United States had succeeded in driving the world price down. Despite the sales from RFC stocks at $1.03, however, the Singapore price soon edged up to $1.20.

Nothing was done to break the deadlock until after Symington, having painted himself into a corner, announced his resignation in January, 1952. It remained for Defense Production Administrator Manly Fleischmann to move the situation off dead center by a deal with Great Britain. During the Churchill visit early this year, as part of an exchange in which Britain was to get one million tons of American steel, Britain agreed to furnish us twenty thousand tons of tin at $1.18 a pound f.o.b. Singapore. The contract included a provision that if the United States later raised the price in other countries, the same benefits would be extended to Malaya.

Shortly thereafter, other contracts at $1.18 were concluded with Indonesia and the Belgian Congo. Bolivia, however, was left high and dry, for, contrary to the usual practice, the contracts had been made first with the lowest-cost producers. If Bolivia were to get a higher price, the increase would have to be carried across the board according to the terms of the agreement with Churchill. The alternative might be to reimburse the Bolivians by absorption of smelting charges or by some other indirect aid.

The M.N.R. revolution interrupted this high-level economic debate. Now the Administration's policy is apparently to wait and see what happens. Paz Estenssoro has made it quite clear, however, that he intends to go ahead with nationalization of the tin mines. And while in the circumstances nationalization of Bolivian tin might not be an unmitigated misfortune, the nationalization fever is contagious.

Paz Estenssoro immediately closed the La Paz newspaper *La Razón*, owned by the tin interests, in a manner reminiscent of Perón's suppression of *La Prensa*. There is further cause for concern in the fact that the M.N.R. as a party, if not Paz Estenssoro himself, is violently hostile to the United States.

Dollar Diplomacy

But the real tragedy of the tin situation lies in the United States' failure to coordinate international economic policy with diplomatic objectives. Merely from the viewpoint of the RFC's direct interest, Mr. Symington was probably right in protesting the Bolivian government's price for tin. But the RFC's interests were not the only factors involved.

An increase of a few cents in the price of raw tin would have had an almost negligible effect on the cost of the finished product to consumers. The tin dilemma cannot now be solved by

a return to the free market because of the contracts the United States has entered into.

However, there is no valid reason why the RFC's anxiety about its own profit-and-loss statement should have changed the rest of the country's political purpose of promoting free governments and stable economies in the Western Hemisphere.

This aim has suffered a severe setback. One by one the countries of Latin America have been swept by an aroused nationalism carefully manipulated by a combination of Communists and right-wing extremists. If the United States is to meet the threat south of the border, the first thing it will have to do is act consistently with its declared policies.

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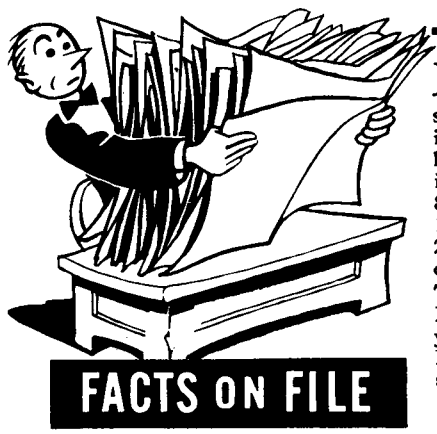

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Carl Byoir: Opinion Engineering In the Big Time

SPENCER KLAW

To the general public, even to that small portion of it which is interested in those who manipulate its opinions, Carl Byoir is a comparatively unknown figure. Unlike a rival public-relations counsel, Edward L. Bernays, he has never been accused of being his own best client. Nor has he found it expedient, like Benjamin Sonnenberg, another leader in the field, to court public notice by cultivating colorful eccentricities or a taste for extravagant settings. Byoir is a slight, affable man of sixty-three, whose manner is unassuming, whose clothes are conservative, and whose office, on East Fortieth Street in New York City, is simple and workmanlike. The latter would scarcely accommodate, for example, the imposing eight-foot desk at which Sonnenberg, dressed in an archaic four-button sack suit and stroking his walrus moustache, titillates clients with hints that they, too, can appear on the cover of *Time*.

Nevertheless, if the size of his fees and the quality of his clientele are taken as criteria, Byoir is undoubtedly the most successful public-relations counsel now in business. Among his twenty-three clients are the B. F. Goodrich Company, Schenley, Bendix Aviation Corporation, the American Can Company, the Radio Corporation of America, and the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company.

To serve them, Byoir has built up the largest public-relations firm in the world, Carl Byoir & Associates. His fees are in keeping with the financial resources of his clientele. Byoir's minimum annual retainer has recently been boosted to $72,000, a particularly impressive sum in view of the fact that the client is in most cases billed separately for all expenses incurred on his behalf. These expenses include, for example, the salaries of Byoir staff writers working on an account.

Although they respect his achievements, other public-relations men have a few reservations about Byoir. For one thing, some of them consider him standoffish. This is because he seldom takes part in the symposia that public-relations men are always getting up on such topics as "Public Relations at the Crossroads" or "Propaganda and the Democratic Ethos." Another reservation has to do with Byoir's attitude toward his own vocation. "Basically, Carl thinks of himself as a *businessman*," one of his rivals observed not long ago. "Myself, I think there's a place for the kind of assembly-line technique he's developed. But some of the more professionally minded boys aren't entirely happy about Carl. They look on him as a sort of Painless Parker of public relations."

Carl Byoir

Captious remarks of this kind are not always entirely unmotivated by envy. It galls some of his competitors that Byoir, a simple businessman, should excel in a calling that demands, in the opinion of one authority, a thorough grounding in "history, literature, semantics, economics, sociology, religion, philosophy, psychology, [and] psychoanalysis." There are those, on the other hand, who feel it is to Byoir's credit that he does not try to impress clients with talk of conditioned reflexes or the logistics of synchronized media use. "You get less of that high-octane hogwash from Carl than from anyone else in the business," an admirer said recently.

Byoir's pragmatic approach to his work is clearly appealing to many clients. His record, in fact, suggests that he is not only a competent and tough-minded propagandist, but that he has few qualms about either the motives of his clients or the methods used in their behalf, if enough money is involved.

John Martin's to Jack Dempsey

Carl Byoir was born in 1888 in Des Moines, Iowa. He worked his way through the University of Iowa and Columbia Law School, where, as an extracurricular activity, he undertook to promote in the United States the new kindergarten teaching methods just developed in Italy by Dr. Maria Montessori. In his senior year, according to

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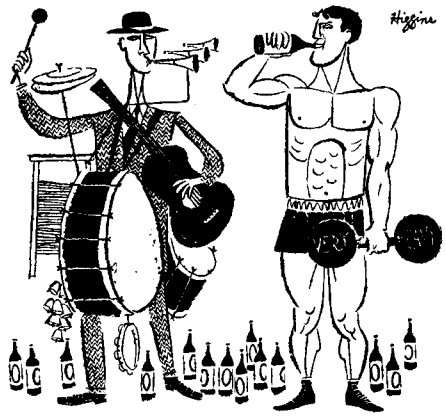
his own account, Byoir cleared $63,000 by lecturing on the Montessori system, and by manufacturing and selling, at a three hundred per cent mark-up, certain educational materials devised by Dr. Montessori. In 1912 he graduated and went into the publishing business. He helped found *John Martin's Book for Children*, a magazine in which the advertising copy, at Byoir's suggestion, was woven right into the text of the stories so that parents reading to their offspring couldn't skip the commercials. He subsequently worked for the Hearst magazines.

Byoir had his initial fling at propaganda during the First World War. As associate chairman of George Creel's Committee on Public Information, he produced war films, published pamphlets and newspapers to be ballooned into enemy territory, and handled publicity for the second selective-service draft. For a short period after the war he was public-relations adviser to President Thomas Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. He also helped drum up support for the new Lithuanian government. Then, dropping out of public relations, he tried his hand at a number of miscellaneous business ventures, among them the manufacture and sale of patent medicines.

At one time during the 1920's Byoir was associated with E. Virgil Neal, a well-known medicine man who on occasion used the pseudonym X. La Motte Sage, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D. Byoir is also reputed to have made a good deal of money out of Nuxated Iron, a nostrum which had once been endorsed by Jess Willard and—after Willard was defeated by Dempsey—by Dempsey himself. According to the label, "The valuable blood, nerve force, and tissue building properties of this preparation are due to organic iron . . . in combination with nux vomica . . ." The American Medical Association, however, analyzed Nuxated Iron and found that a dollar bottle of the stuff contained a "practically negligible" amount of nux vomica, and less than four cents' worth of medicinal iron.

Bleached Blondes, Tidied Teutons

For many years Byoir was in business with Julius and Louis Tuvin. They sold such preparations as Seedol ("Natural Seed Bowel Tonic Works Wonders."); Kelpamalt, a weight builder ("So Skinny They Called Him Raw Bone!



. . . But Kelpamalt Did the Impossible . . ."); and Viaderma, a rub-on reducing compound dismissed by the A.M.A. as "a humbug *per se*." Byoir and the Tuvins also marketed, under the trade name of Blondex, a line of hair tonics, dyes, and shampoos. The Federal Trade Commission found some of the Blondex advertising a bit extravagant, and its producers were ordered to cease and desist from claiming, among other things, that Blondex Hair Tonic would check falling hair or stimulate the growth of new hair.

In 1931 Byoir founded Carl Byoir Associates and got back into public relations to stay. With a $60,000-a-year retainer from the government of Cuba, he set about attracting American tourists and capital to that country. Although Gerry Swineheart, Byoir's chief lieutenant, likes to say that in public relations "you can't whitewash a manure pile," in this instance Byoir gave it a good try.

The government of Cuba at the time consisted of President Gerardo Machado, a dictator who preserved order by shooting his political adversaries. Nevertheless, Byoir was quite successful in coaxing American tourists into visiting Cuba and American businessmen into investing money there. Commenting on this phenomenon, Marlen Pew, the late editor of *Editor & Publisher*, wrote: "The cover which hung like a thick veil over the bloody Machado regime was propaganda . . . cunningly executed by sharpers."

In August, 1933, Machado was run out of Cuba by his own countrymen, and Byoir began looking around for new clients. He soon found one. The details of his new affiliation were made public the following year by a House committee investigating Nazi propaganda. According to testimony heard by the committee, on October 1, 1933, eight months after Hitler came to power, a $108,000 contract, to run eighteen months, went into effect between Carl Byoir & Associates and the German Tourist Information Office. It was revealed to the committee that George Sylvester Viereck, then busily engaged in trying to sell Hitler to the American people, had recommended Byoir to an official in the German Propaganda Ministry, and in return for his good offices had been put on Byoir's payroll at $1,750 a month.

Before the House committee, Carl C. Dickey, then Byoir's partner, said he and Byoir were engaged solely in tourist promotion, not in propaganda. They were only "trying to show . . . that Germany was still Germany, no matter what kind of a government they had there; that it was still a country to travel in and a country to trade with. . . ." He admitted, however, that he had collected $4,000 in cash from the German consul general in New York for help in getting out press releases intended "to create better feeling here, as a result of the disturbance created by the anti-Semitism campaign."

In 1940, five years after the German contract had expired, the whole matter was brought up again by Representative Wright Patman of Texas. Byoir, who was by now public-relations counsel for A&P, had recently clashed with Patman over a proposed tax on chain stores sponsored by the Congressman. This may have had something to do with Patman's decision to denounce Byoir on the floor of the House of Representatives as the "man who rode Hitler's first Nazi Trojan horse into the United States," and to accuse him of trying "to infiltrate spies into this country's big business." These were fighting words, and Byoir requested, and got, a chance to clear his name before the Dies Committee. Patman asked to testify too, but he added no facts to those brought out at the 1934 hearings, and the committee certified Byoir as a one hundred per cent American. The FBI also looked into Patman's charges, and reported "no evidence whatever that he [Byoir] has been engaged in any un-American activity."

It is only fair to note that during the 1930's Byoir also spent some time promoting worthy causes. In 1932 with the backing of the AFL, the American

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Legion, and the Association of National Advertisers, he ran a campaign to persuade employers to create new jobs. It was called the "War Against Depression," and was one of Byoir's few failures. For several years, beginning in 1934, Byoir was general director of President Roosevelt's annual birthday balls, donating his services without charge. The line between public relations and lobbying is a fine one, however, and entree to the White House never hurt a man in Byoir's line of work.

Store Fronts

In recent years it has been rather difficult to learn exactly what Byoir does for his clients. This is because Byoir, who irks some of his rivals by his apparent indifference to a problem they give a lot of thought to—namely, how to gain recognition as professional men—is nevertheless quick to claim professional status when he is asked about his work. He takes the position that public-relations men, like doctors, shouldn't gossip about their patients.

Fortunately for students of public relations, the courts do not recognize any such privileged relationship. In 1946, after a trial lasting six months, Byoir and a group of A&P executives were convicted in the Federal District Court at Danville, Illinois, of conspiring to violate the Sherman Antitrust Act. Byoir was personally fined $5,000. In order to link him to the alleged conspiracy, the government introduced detailed evidence concerning Byoir's efforts, on behalf of the A&P, to prevent the enactment of special taxes on chain stores. This campaign nicely exemplifies what some public-relations men like to call "the engineering of consent."

According to the testimony at Danville, Byoir was hired by the A&P on October 1, 1937. His assignment was to kill off a tax bill, then pending in the New York State legislature, that would if enacted have cost the A&P $2 million a year: $1,000 for each of its two thousand New York stores. Byoir did the job so well that the bill never got out of committee and he was presently asked by the A&P to organize a national drive to be directed not only against state taxes but against the Federal tax proposed by Representative Patman. In keeping with his new responsibilities, Byoir's annual fee was boosted from

$36,000 to $75,000 (it went up to $93,000 in 1939). A special corporation was set up by Byoir to handle the campaign.

As Byoir described it on the witness stand, ". . . we went out to farmer organizations, co-operatives, and labor organizations, and civic groups, women's clubs, consumer organizations . . . and preached the distributive method of the chain store . . ." This sounded fair enough, but on cross examination the government brought out the fact that most of Byoir's preaching was done through false fronts masquerading as independent organizations.

The most imposing of these front groups was the National Consumers Tax Commission, ostensibly organized to study "hidden taxes"—among them, of course, taxes on chain stores. At one point the N.C.T.C. claimed 650,000 members, divided into some 6,000 study groups. The degree of independence it enjoyed is indicated by the fact that the A&P laid out a total of $411,323.69 for the N.C.T.C., while contributions from all other sources added up to only $2,200. "The organization was in effect the creation of defendants," Judge Walter C. Lindley held in a memorandum accompanying his decision at Danville, "and the public could not have been and was not aware of the full extent of this sponsorship or of A&P's responsibility for its existence."

Through Byoir, the A&P also set up the Emergency Consumers Tax Council, which successfully campaigned against a proposed tax on New Jersey supermarkets. In addition, the A&P subsidized the Pennsylvania Chain Store Council and the National Drainage, Levee and Irrigation Association, the latter to the extent of $73,000. Both these organizations fought vigorously against the Patman bill, although it is hard to see just what object a drainage and irrigation group could have had in opposing it.

Of all the front groups, the most carefully disguised was an outfit called Business Property Owners, Inc. In soliciting support for a drive against the Patman bill, its president, Oscar E. Dooly, Jr., mailed out a circular stating that the organization was "not subsidized or connected with chain stores in any way whatsoever." It was brought out at the trial that Dooly was on Byoir's payroll at $4,000 a year plus expenses, and even his office furniture and equipment had been provided by the A&P. The secret had been so well guarded that a number of A&P field officers had written in to headquarters to ask if Dooly's outfit had the A&P's approval.

Byoir told the court: "We carried on quite a campaign with giving material to writers . . . so that if they wanted to write on this subject, they would have the background for it. . . ." In this phase, too, it was often expedient to keep the A&P out of the picture. In one instance cited by the government, Byoir furnished news releases to a man named Chester Wright, who owned a service called International Labor News. Wright in turn mailed the releases, which bore no indication of their source, to labor and farm papers. The editors had no way of knowing that Wright was being subsidized by Byoir, who in one year alone paid him more than $80,000.

'(Please Destroy . . .)'

In May, 1940, the House Banking and Currency Committee held hearings on the Patman bill. A batch of growers and shippers who regularly sold to the A&P was brought to Washington to testify against the measure. Some of the flavor of the proceedings has been preserved in a letter written by an A&P official and introduced as evidence at Danville. This man, who acted as a sort of assistant stage manager to Byoir in Washington, wrote: "I enjoyed (please destroy when you read) most of the shippers I met. The two 'cowboys' from Texas, Mr. ——— and ———, were the best *drinkers,* never stopped, I had them to ball game and up until three A.M. next morning. They were dined at noon by C. Byoir because of

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their importance. I had them to ball game and they were drinking then even and also killed a bottle the morning they went on the *witness* stand. Some wanted the other sex and had it, of course, because plenty available at all hours. . . ."

The Washington show cost A&P $51,505.68, but it was well spent; the Patman bill died in committee.

At the Danville trial, Byoir was placed in a rather embarrassing position. As a rule, public-relations men like to distinguish themselves from press agents by pointing out that they do not merely publicize their clients but actually help them to formulate policy. It was essential to Byoir's defense, however, to deny that he had any influence at all on A&P policy. Otherwise, his lawyers could not have argued, as they did, that even if certain A&P officials *had* conspired to violate the antitrust laws, Byoir was not a party to the conspiracy.

This argument was rejected by Judge Lindley, and later by the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals, which unanimously sustained the decision of the lower court. (A&P did not carry the case to the Supreme Court.) On behalf of the Court of Appeals, Judge Sherman Minton wrote: "Byoir is no babe in the woods. . . . Not only did he understand, but under the contract of his corporate puppet with A&P it was his duty to counsel, guide, and direct the policy making officers of his client. This obligation he faithfully performed even to the extent of initiating policy and personally participating in its adoption and implementation." Except for the fact that it served to justify Byoir's conviction as a member of a criminal conspiracy, this statement might well be printed in textbooks as a description of the ideal relationship between a public-relations counsel and his client.

'We Plead Guilty . . .'

In many ways Byoir's most significant campaign for the A&P was waged not under cover, but with the A&P's open sponsorship. In 1949 the Justice Department began a new antitrust action against the A&P, which has not yet gone to trial. The Department asked, among other things, for the splitting up of the A&P's huge retailing empire into seven separate and competing chains, and for the separation of its manufacturing from its selling operations. At Danville, the A&P had been fined $175,000, a sum amounting to less than one half of one per cent of its annual profits. This time the threat was much more serious. To meet it, Byoir took the A&P's case directly to the public in a series of four full-page advertisements. These appeared in some two thousand newspapers, and are estimated to have cost the A&P $5 million.

Some writers on public relations are fond of describing public-relations counsels as "pleaders at the bar of public opinion." There is an important distinction, however, between lawyers and propagandists. Propagandists do not have to worry about rules of evidence, and in writing the A&P advertisements Byoir took full advantage of this fact. One advertisement, for example, began: "WHY DO THEY WANT TO PUT A & P OUT OF BUSINESS? They say . . . *and these are the anti-trust lawyers' own words* . . . that we 'have regularly undersold competing retailers.' TO THIS CHARGE WE PLEAD GUILTY. . . ."

The antitrust lawyers, of course, said nothing of the kind. What they did say, in one paragraph of the government's complaint, was:

"Defendants, by coercing and receiving unlawful buying preferences, have become enabled to and *have regularly*

undersold, regularly taken patronage away from, and sometimes eliminated *competing retailers. . . .*"

The average reader naturally had no way of spotting distortions of this kind, and it is not surprising that a Gallup poll taken shortly after publication of the advertisement just quoted indicated that twice as many people sided with the A&P as with the government.

Although Byoir denies it, the A&P advertisements seem clearly to have been intended to make the suit so unpopular that the Administration would quietly drop it. Even if this fails, the advertisements nevertheless represent perhaps the most ambitious attempt yet made by a single enterprise to talk the government, by means of advertising, into leaving it alone. In a period that *Fortune* has hailed as "a new era in public relations," this technique may become standard for corporations whose profits are threatened by governmental action of any kind. Propaganda may thus supplement, if it does not replace, the traditional but messy weapons of lobbying.

No Gain Like a Capital Gain

As chairman of the board of Carl Byoir & Associates, a title he assumed in 1946, Byoir leaves to Gerry Swineheart, now president of the firm, most of the responsibility for directing the activities of the staff. To many of his 220 employees, busily grinding out press releases, organizing lunches in the Jade Room at the Waldorf-Astoria, and writing speeches for clients, Byoir is a remote figure. He spends a good deal of his time with A&P and one or two other pet clients, while Swinehart and a platoon of account executives work with the other customers.

Despite his other preoccupations, Byoir is not too busy to take an occasional flyer, if it seems sufficiently profitable, in the sort of cheerful, straightforward commercial enterprise that enlivened his salad days.

Just now he is interested in the sale of a hair dye called Tintair. This product is marketed by Bymart-Tintair, Inc., formerly Bymart, Inc., a corporation founded in 1949 by Byoir and a former client of his named Martin L. Straus II. Besides his share of the profits, Byoir gets one half of one per cent on all sales, plus $36,000 a year as Bymart's public-relations counsel. Tintair was launched on the crest of a flood of articles and interviews, all inspired by Byoir, demonstrating that dyeing one's hair was now socially acceptable. Sales the first year were more than $20 million, and it was obvious that Byoir had not lost his touch. His main interest in Tintair, though, is not in the income it produces. His plan is to build up the business and then sell out, thus chalking up a capital gain only a fourth of which the government can tax away. Propaganda pays very well, but a nice capital gain is about the only legitimate way left for a man to make a real pile.

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Russia Changes Its Line on Germ Warfare

ALBERT PARRY

An old Russian saying, *"U strakha glaza veliki,"* which may be translated "Fear has big eyes," helps to explain the Kremlin's recent decision to tone down its germ-warfare charges against the United States. Some of the propaganda has apparently boomeranged and caused quite a scare among the Russian people.

All through March the anti-American "lice-and-mice" charges flew thick and fast, but between April 5 and 20 the Soviet press changed its line in two significant ways: There was sharp diminution in space devoted to germ-warfare charges; and more important, several reassuring articles on the subject were featured.

The good "news" began with dispatches from North China and Korea boasting about the wonderful work being done by native doctors, sanitary aides, and the general populace in combating the germs allegedly dropped from American planes. Later came stories by Russian professors and journalists stressing the peaceful and humanitarian objectives of Soviet bacteriology.

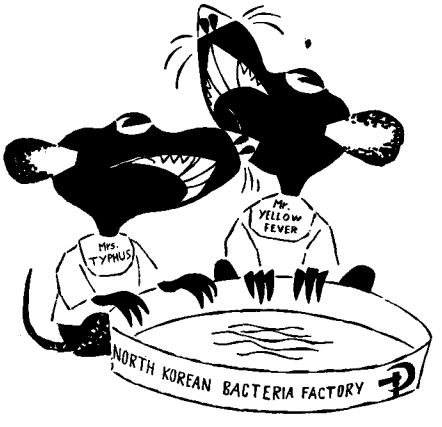
Bugs Can Be Beautiful

Typical was the big headline over Professor N. Ierusalimsky's article on the front page of the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* for April 5: SOVIET MICROLOGY IS A PEACEFUL SCIENCE. The text proceeds to "prove" that in all their experiments and achievements Stalin's microbe hunters never have had any such base aims of "mankind's annihilation en masse." To struggle against illnesses, to increase the earth's fertility, to prolong man's life—these and only these have been the glorious goals of Soviet savants.

Not even in czarist times, the Soviet propagandists boast, was Russia guilty of using its laboratories to spread disease. Early in April, 1952, A. Sharov's book *Zhizn' Pobezhdayet* ("Life is Victorious") was reissued in Moscow. Originally written for Soviet children, it has been recast for adult readers, who are sure to be heartened by the knowledge that even before the Revolution Russian doctors skillfully and daringly fought black plague, cholera, typhus, and other dreaded epidemic diseases. The tone is calculated to soothe rather than to alarm, to counteract the propaganda's backlash.

Socialism and the Louse

The average Soviet citizen knows enough about the inadequacy of sanitation in his Red world to be very much afraid of bacteriological warfare. He recalls that in both of the World Wars epidemics took a heavy toll of his countrymen. He may even remember Lenin's classic dictum: "If socialism does not succeed in crushing the louse, the louse will crush socialism." The average Russian may not mind if the louse finally kills what in the East passes for socialism, but he would not care to be killed off himself in the process. The germ-warfare campaign aroused deep-seated fears, and its success as propaganda was accordingly undermined.



That the Soviet government, no less than the Soviet population, is afraid of bacteria cannot be doubted. The Kremlin's fear of the louse is as real now as it was in Lenin's day. Significant data on this theme are contained in a slim brochure, *Sanitarnaya i Protivo-Epidemicheskaya Rabota v USSR* ("Public-Health and Anti-Epidemic Measures in the U.S.S.R."), which was published last year in Munich by the refugee-staffed Institute for the Study of the History and Culture of the U.S.S.R. The author, Dr. G. Schulz, appears to be a former Soviet physician now living somewhere in western Europe. Dr. Schulz tells us that, like Lenin, Stalin fears the louse but that, unlike Lenin, he fears also the Russian experts on lice, mice, and other germ bearers.

Stalin and Science

Bugs are apparently a mania with Stalin. The first indication of his fears, according to Dr. Schulz, came in the midst of the great purges, in 1937. "Until 1937," Dr. Schulz writes, "the work of Soviet bacteriologists was considered among the most interesting, unperturbed, and comfortable occupations in the entire network of Soviet public-health organizations . . . Beginning with 1937, however, the bacteriologist's profession became one of the most dangerous medical specialties for purely political reasons. The Soviet régime and its punitive organ, the NKVD, decided that the physician-bacteriologist, having at his disposal cultures of any and all bacteria, possessed thus a mighty, invisible weapon, which could be used as a means of mass destruction of both humans and animals. This, in 1937, led to whole-

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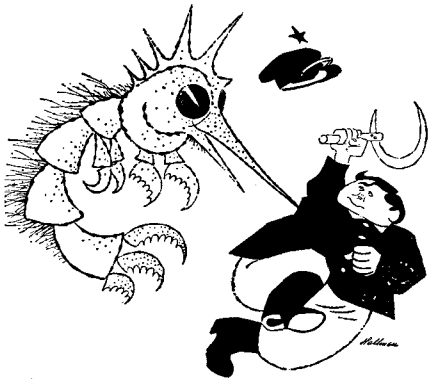

sale arrests of physician-bacteriologists. Neither rank-and-file doctors nor outstanding specialists were spared."

Dr. Schulz then cites by name nineteen prominent Russian bacteriologists who were arrested on charges of plotting to cause anti-Soviet epidemics in the land and who forthwith "disappeared without trace." The arrests were country-wide: Laboratories and doctors' homes were raided in Leningrad, the Caucasus, the Volga region, and a number of Ukrainian cities. Dr. Schulz says that aside from the nineteen he lists, "many hundreds of other bacteriologists" were arrested at the same time.

"The real reasons behind the arrests," Dr. Schulz continues, "were the Soviet régime's mistrust of its own intelligentsia, fear of the 'theoretical' possibility of such sabotage, and desire to blame those artificially created 'plotters' for the incessant epidemics caused by the low standard of living in the country."

Pretexts for a Purge

As an excuse to arrest this or that bacteriologist, practically anything could be used, and in fact was used. This Soviet doctor was doomed by his foreign ancestry, however remote. That one subscribed to foreign magazines of his profession, or even contributed an article to a western journal. Here was one who had relatives abroad and corresponded with them. There a scientist was jailed for corresponding with foreign colleagues. Professor Nikanarov of Saratov was arrested for sending a culture of tularemia to an American colleague with whom he regularly exchanged the results of experiments. It was also enough to have been known as a member of some non-Communist party back before the Revolution, or even merely to have expressed views differing in the slightest from those of official Marxism. All sorts of pretexts were invented.

The worst offense was to have gone ahead on one's own initiative to conduct an experiment in a Soviet laboratory without the sanction of proper authorities. Many doctors were arrested and liquidated for preparing vaccines which for one reason or another turned out to be unsuccessful or were merely thought to be deficient. In one case, Dr. Schulz reveals, several bacteriologists were arrested in Kiev on charges of infecting *kolkhoz* cattle with certain "wrecking" vaccines; quite simply the cause of the wholesale death of livestock was the rotten fodder which had been fed to the animals by inexperienced farm managers.

Even those bacteriologists who escaped arrest could never feel secure. From then on they were constantly under suspicion. Many were discharged and barred "from any further work in their profession without any explanation . . ."

The Cholera Riots

The profound suspicion with which bacteriologists and epidemiologists, foreign and domestic, have been viewed by the Kremlin is based on what amounts to folk myth in Russia. For a century and more before the Revolution, peasants and artisans of czarist Russia used to rise up in the so-called "cholera riots." Despair-born and rumor-fed, these demonstrations were against western civilization as represented by the doctors and nurses who went into the villages and industrial suburbs to fight epidemics. Legend held that those doctors were not fighting cholera but were actually causing it by poisoning the people's wells. Many a Russian doctor lost his life through contagion while fighting a plague, but many another perished at the hands of the ignorant mob even before he could cure any of his patients. But in those days the czarist government (with all its faults) tried to combat such ignorance, whereas today the Soviet government is deliberately planting unscientific rumors, purposely keeping the Russian people in igorance.

It would be wrong to suppose, however, that since 1937 nothing has been done by the Kremlin to restore Soviet bacteriology. A new generation of scientists has been trained, and, of course, many of the survivors were allowed to remain in their laboratories and schools. The achievements of such Soviet bacteriologists, about which Professor Ierusalimsky writes so proudly in his *Literaturnaya Gazeta* piece, may indeed be considerable. Even more noteworthy must be those other achievements of which he says not a word but which must be quite real—Soviet experiments and preparations in the field of bacteriological warfare. The Soviet press has kept completely mum on the subject, but the Russian press of anti-Soviet refugees in western Europe and the United States tries to fill the void.

Glimpses of Reality

Authentic information on the subject is hard to come by. When a Russian escapee brings such data with him, they most likely reach our official interrogators first—where they remain classified. Nevertheless, in recent months anti-Soviet dailies like the *Novoye Russkoye Slovo* of New York have printed accounts, apparently originating with refugees from the U.S.S.R., of secret bacteriological-warfare laboratories at Eupatoria in the Crimea and near Krasnodar in the northern Caucasus. These anti-Soviet Russian newspapers have also reminded their readers, rather more insistently than the American press has done, of a United Press dispatch from Korea in November, 1950. This reported that U.N. forces advancing northward after the Inchon landings had discovered in the southern outskirts of Pyongyang an abandoned laboratory, which they were told had been run by a Russian female scientist. In this curious laboratory, it was learned, some five thousand rats and mice had been systematically infected with typhus, bubonic plague, and yellow fever.

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Shaw's Nightmare And the American Dream

FREDERIC MORTON

THE TROUBLE WITH CINDERELLA, by Artie Shaw. *Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.75.*

FROM MEMPHIS to Mobile his name screamed down from a hundred thousand posters. He made several million dollars. A whole bevy of beauties, some of whom are reigning Hollywood sex queens, were his wives. And now he has written an autobiography. In it he says nothing about the kind of wallpaper Lana Turner likes for her bedroom, nor does he disclose how Ava Gardner manages her hair for breakfast. But to make up for such lacks, the book is endorsed by the chairman of the Department of Philosophy of Vassar College.

Courage of Confusions

In the language of the author, here is one honey of a switch. For these are not the conventional memoirs of the conventional celebrity; they are not designed to titillate the sewing circle with the orthodox orgy of anecdotes; they do not drop names, coyly vulgar. *The Trouble with Cinderella* doesn't make very easy reading. Its language is too often awkward with a slangy self-conscious complexity; its purpose is twisted by overelaborate self-honesty. None will suspect this volume of having been put together by a professional autobiographer who has hired out his phrases to the renowned autobiographee. It is a ghost-ridden book, though, haunted by the world its author conquered—and then threw away because he didn't know what to do with it. As the record of an intense and abrasive bafflement concerning the central aim of human existence, this is a spiritual documentary along the lines of a tradition begun by St. Augustine and continued most recently by Thomas Merton. It possesses nothing of the poetic or philosophic stature of the Confessions, and rarely attains the literary piquancy of *The Seven Storey Mountain.* But it carries an impact all its own. Mr. Shaw has found the courage of his confusions.

The Trouble with Cinderella is also a cultural chronicle, transcribing as it does through Mr. Shaw's colloquial and informal anguish so much of the temper and texture of the 1920's and 1930's. The personal problem he projects is peculiarly American. Here is Abraham Isaac Arshawsky, born on the lower East Side, walking toward Central Park South one evening at the age of twenty, seeing the fabulous skyscrapers tower up against the sunset, and saying to his friend, ". . . one of these days everyone of those people up there behind every one of those windows—is going to know my name." And here is how Abraham Isaac Arshawsky became Artie Shaw; how in gaining his ambition he lost himself. The American Dream, these pages proclaim, can turn out to be a nightmare on occasion. Thus this is not merely an autobiographical record but a polemic against the rags-to-riches credo of the New World, a manifesto leveled at Cinderella, whom Mr. Shaw regards, perhaps rightly, as America's patron saint.

From the perspective of social history, Mr. Shaw's point is significant just because it is anything but novel. The tale of the underprivileged boy who feels that he must fight his way *up there* in order to fortify his presence in a fratricidal universe and who, because of the means he must choose to wage his battle, goes down to perdition—that tale is an almost traditional American tragedy. It parallels Mr. Shaw's true-to-life chronicle but it also continues the classic movie morality. You have seen it, in one form or another, at your neighborhood theater: the sensitive young slum kid (Golden Boy) who throws his sensitivity to the wolves in order to become a glorious (and variously doomed) champion pug; or the backwoods lawyer (the Huey Long story) who turns into a ruthless and assassination-bound power politician; or the Humphrey Bogart gangster, surrounded by blondes and bodyguards, who is made to realize, just a few days too late, by the drugstore waitress, that he ought to repent in his penthouse.

Success and Sex

"You either eat well or sleep well," Ferenc Molnár once said. From the mouth of a continental such words make a sprightly epigram. But a popular American superstition applies them literally. Our puritanism, a technicolored but exacerbated form of the European version, sometimes creates a destructive ambivalence around success that is comparable with one of our similar attitudes toward sex. Like sex, success can be a deliciously imperative thing to get, a terribly uneasy thing to have gotten. By way of sex, as by way of success, many an individual seeks fulfillment of his parched individuality.

Under the slogans of Free Enterprise

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and Romantic Love these two great promises are held out to him in a thousand magazine illustrations and neon advertisements. But the actual consummation of either sex or success frequently involves sin. How strongly these last two are associated was demonstrated during the recent Senatorial crime probe. Graft and corruption reaching the top levels of government were uncovered. The man in the street, on being asked by reporters, thought "these things" were wrong. Yet he seldom considered them unexpected. "Sure," a widely shared reaction went, "how else do you think they got up there?"

It would seem that "one gets up there" by "getting away with it." Success (or, as Mr. Shaw prefers to spell it, "$ucce$$") hinges, according to this approach, not so much on ability as on "push," more or less the outside-the-law kind. Such an outlook circulates cynicisms of semi-proverbial stature: "Presidents are made in smoke-filled hotel rooms"; . . . "Stars are born on the producer's casting couch"; . . . "Pull makes floor managers out of office boys."

Actually there are more straight successes than crooked ones. Yet it is the tale of the knavish top dog which has grown into an entrenched and unhealthy part of our folklore.

Pagan Pressures

A big trouble with the dog-eat-dog philosophy is that participants get their consciences so deeply bitten. And the American seems likely to have at once sharp teeth *and* a most vulnerable soul. Often he may be brought up with a stricter sense of Judeo-Christian values than his European counterpart. But he wants to cope simultaneously with the pagan pressures of Rugged Individualism: He's gotta go in there and make a fight of it, show 'em, play it smart, be tough. The drive to the top grows all the more urgent since there are no impenetrable social barriers as in Europe. If he doesn't make it, he can't blame the system: The failure is fully his own. Finally, the fame and fortune offered to the winner possess such overwhelming publicized proportions that he who doesn't get them easily hates him who does, while he who does can't help being discomfited by the envy of so much deprivation. What it all comes down to is the paradox of many necessarily inframoral men helping to make an ultramoral nation.

Mr. Shaw, being successful as well as sensitive, had his full share of the dilemma. That he was not in just any business but engaged in an interpretative art makes his case particularly interesting. The satisfaction of developing a genuine talent should have counterbalanced the strain of competition, the stresses and distresses of publicity. In some ways, it is true, *The Trouble with Cinderella* communicates the excitement of self-discovery: Little Artie, barely of high-school age, winning an amateur prize for his sax playing; traveling up and down the country as a fifteen-year-old member of a professional band, taking the hazing of men twice as old but studying his craft every inch of the way; learning in the jazz bars of New Orleans and the show bands of Hollywood; hanging around the South Side of Chicago during the 1920's, experimenting in grim cellars with Gene Krupa, Bix Beiderbecke, George Wettling, Eddie Condon, somehow soaking up a new style with other young men like Benny Goodman, while in front the marathon dancers dragged by; going to New York to meet the Dorseys and Paul Whiteman and still learning, still unknown, playing for nothing in Harlem dives; electrifying the jazz world in 1935 by writing a "novelty" swing piece for clarinet and string quartet; forming his own band not so long after that, going through a long series of hard knocks and one-night stands, unable to make a name for himself but still learning, working on his style, his arrangements, his orchestration. It's a hard-muscled, up-the-hill saga, ending with a crescendo in "Begin the Beguine"—the record that catapulted Shaw overnight into a national idol and a million-platter seller.

Metronome

Shaw at work

'How Little Fun'

Here the author is at his literary best. His definition of jazz is worth quoting: ". . . whether the word is 'bop' or 'swing' or just plain 'jazz,' the general underlying principle is the same. It's a bunch of guys playing music together, improvising, exchanging ideas, 'diggin' one another, picking up a 'riff' here and a phrase there . . . It's a developing, living form of folk music, an idiom, a kind of music *in slang* . . . one of the few truly American contributions to music itself . . ." A semi-impressionistic chapter portraying a midnight rehearsal in a basement packs a tang and bite no professional writer could improve.

But these are somehow isolated passages in a book of four hundred crowded pages. Even they reflect little joy in what was after all a creative activity. It is almost frightful how little fun Mr. Shaw had. What one does read here is a grim relish over a tough job efficiently done. A constant disparagement of his intrinsic musical talent (as distinct from his organizing and "pushing" ability) pervades the book, a disparagement that has little to do with modesty but seems compounded of shame and guilt. Shaw can't seem to forgive his own gift for having turned him from a human being into a nationally advertised piece of merchandise.

Similarly soured on his profession, he refers to it as "that little dung heap." The band business is "that vortex of exhibitionism." He confesses that he never got any sense of identification or glory out of the multitudes that swayed and swooned before him. After his first great hit, the book complains, his rela-

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tionship with band members became purely business, yet an earlier page admits that no band leader, known or unknown, can be truly friends with his boys. The irony of Shaw's life, as that of many a celebrity, is that he wanted to become famous in order to make up for all the handicaps that prevented him from being accepted by the world, and that in the end, by his very success, he felt more alienated than before:

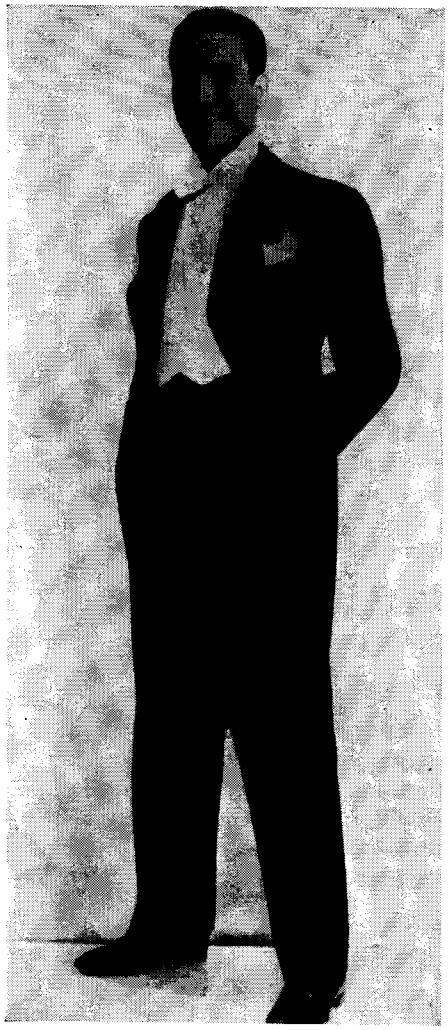
". . . although most of us *think* we want to reach out and touch some other human being, we are actually scared to death of ourselves and one another and only pretend to be gregarious in order to hide our fears both from ourselves and others. Most of us live with hidden fear . . . smiling with our faces and cowering inside our skins, paying lip service to a kind of social ideal we are unable to live up to . . ."

The Malleable Anvil

Shaw himself, whether he realizes it or not, served as a catalyst for that desperate pseudo-togetherness. The tens of thousands who lined up before the Paramount Theatre in New York or the Fox in Philadelphia came not to applaud and yell for Artie Shaw specifically, but to applaud and yell *together;* to use Artie Shaw as the stimulus for a gregariousness they could not otherwise summon; to find in an artificially created and mutually reinforced mob-attitude some sort of security of belonging. Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, and most recently Johnny Ray are other convenient vehicles of the herd need. In different fields, the compulsory chic of the poodle cut and the sudden significance of F. Scott Fitzgerald represent similar symptoms of the fad psychology. Thus the newest conformity is the oldest love substitute.

The celebrity, serving as anvil to the psychic poundings of his admirers, finds himself gradually controlled by them, rather than by his own motivations. He must reorganize his identity to copy their picture of him. The individual drowns the symbol. Tennessee Williams once wrote an eloquent little essay called "The Catastrophe of Success." Both in title and content a companion piece to *The Trouble with Cinderella,* it exposes that particular hazard of fame.

Now what did Shaw do to fend off the mold his career imposed on him? He attempted to escape by reading.



Metronome

The great bandleader

Having flunked out of high school, his "true education" began at the age of nineteen with Dreiser. Hemingway and O'Neill followed. Then he read all the principal English and American novelists, the important philosophers and social thinkers. He also studied French in order to read Proust and the symbolist poets, took extension courses at Columbia and New York University in chemistry, biology, physics, and higher mathematics, toyed with the idea of going for a Ph.D., perhaps for a professorship, and made prolonged efforts to write.

All in all, a rather surprising obsession for a band leader. Yet it isn't out of key with his basic, insecurity-infested drive. Though the book claims that his aim was to get at the truth, to find out about things, the psychological pattern of his self-education is clearly competitive. Shaw tells an illuminating story about his relationship with a clarinetist named D'Isere who first disclosed to him the true extent of his literary ignorance. During the year that followed this encounter, he began to read with "a persistence and determination and dogged tenacity that still astonishes me when I think about it."

About twelve months later Shaw casually asked D'Isere to have lunch so that they could talk about books again. "I came away vindicated." The true motive, in other words, was "to show him." Mr. Shaw "shows" his readers all through the volume. His deafening intellectual showmanship provides, as a matter of fact, the one aspect of the book I did not like. There are incessant references, quotations, epigraphs from Blake, Virgil, La Bruyère, Disraeli, Rolland, Samuel Johnson, Kierkegaard, Schopenhauer, and others. After a while the embellishment becomes too much.

We have here, by the way, an interesting reversal. The high-brow novelist is not seldom careful to display low-brow mettle by recording an ex-dishwashership on the dust jacket. But Mr. Shaw, suspecting himself (unnecessarily I think) of being a low-brow success, never stops flashing a high-brow membership card.

Wages of Glory

None of this is meant to imply that Mr. Shaw went beyond his depth in tackling the sciences and arts. After reading *The Trouble with Cinderella* nobody can doubt that a much more than ordinary intelligence created it. The honesty and the relentless integrity with which he tracks down all the whys and why nots of his life are anything but everyday. He has written a book which, in its implications, contributes importantly to the self-understanding of the American. But as confessional, *The Trouble with Cinderella* is more than that. It is a modern enactment of the timeless parable about the wages of glory. It has been told before in *Faust,* in David's career in the Book of Kings, in a hundred fairy tales and myths, and it will be told again. The ballad about the beauty and fatality of human temptation, "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame," can never lose its truth or blunt its exigency. "All this the world well knows," sighs the Elizabethan sonneteer, "yet none knows well To shun the heav'n that leads men to this hell."

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French Youth: What Comes after Despair?

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

EVERYONE is aware that the French mistrust youth. The French turn to youth's inexperience—to Joan of Arc's, or Bonaparte's, or to that of the youthful colonels of the Resistance movement—only when things have become desperate. Customarily they prefer old age: They make Edouard Herriot (at seventy-four) President of their National Assembly; they read *Figaro* editorials written by the Catholic novelist François Mauriac (aged sixty-six). And the French mistrust of youth seems shared by youth itself. This year the politicians made a relatively youthful politician Premier. He was Edgar Faure, aged forty-three. It was generally expected that he would attempt to break through parliamentary routine. Instead, like an old man, he was merely prudent, merely reserved, merely astute. He failed. The idea that youth is by definition revolutionary is of course nothing but a myth. Youth's natural inclination is to respect its elders; it is only when respect becomes impossible that it is replaced by contempt, or rage, or silence.

French youth is silent. It used up its reserves of rage and contempt when the Germans conquered and Vichy acquiesced. It no longer has the enthusiasm to take sides violently in politics, in art, or in religion; it is no longer fanatic. No contemporary Dreyfus case would arouse the fervor of the past. Recently there was a film about André Gide, who of all writers had always sought to remain close to youth (if only for personal reasons), and the young people in the audience asked: "Who in the world is Gide?" Sartre and the Existentialists are considered bores. Youth yawns through Paul Claudel's Catholic plays.

For youth no longer supposes that either art or religion can change the face of the world. Used moderately they have a certain therapeutic value —that is all. Marxism has convinced even its adversaries that economics is the only sure foundation for happiness.

Theoretically this should lead the young into politics. The trouble is that the present political parties demand only one virtue from their adherents: patience. It is too much to ask that the young should take a passionate interest in the higher mathematics of the budget or in the abstruse calculations involved in the constant reshuffling of the same Cabinet Ministers. It is impractical to suppose that the young will enjoy spending their Sundays listening to speeches, or their weekdays parroting slogans. Even the parlor game of running down America becomes a bore.

The Search for Heroes

The young have been getting themselves killed in Indo-China—it is the custom of the young in any nation to get themselves killed when there is a war—and when de Lattre de Tassigny drove forward, the young were not reluctant to follow the flag and advance. But now the war in Indo-China drags on with everyone waiting to see what possible concessions can end it. Under these ambiguous circumstances the young wonder whether it is a fight for freedom or for colonialism—or simply a stupid accident.

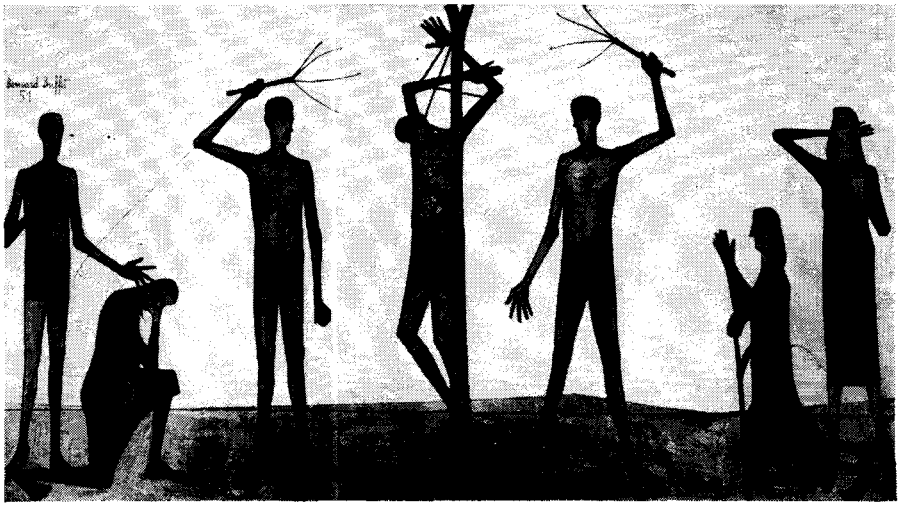
The young read André Malraux's books in which art is presented as a never-ending heroic search through the centuries, and they look at the pictures in *Kon-Tiki* of the raft drifting across the Pacific, for the young still thirst for heroism, and juggling with metaphysical or social or political ideas does not assuage their thirst.

They are mainly occupied with an attempt to make the ends meet—economically, for they are poor; spiritually, for they are spiritually impoverished. They have been told that their elders, and all their elders believed in, ended in failure and that they must create their own destiny. They have also been told that reasoning gets one nowhere, that truth is relative, that group movements of all kinds are blind, and, concurrently, that if you are an individualist you must be a fascist. Meanwhile the Pope sees visions in the Vatican gardens, and the scientists work at the hydrogen bomb. No wonder youth inclines toward silence.

Behind the mask of silence and apathy the young Frenchmen of today have not given up, since youth never gives up or life would cease entirely. It may be that a kind of modesty leads the young in these difficult times to conceal their true emotions. It is too easy to talk of despair.

The most despairing paintings imaginable have recently been exhibited by

Photographs of Bernard Buffet's "La Resurrection" by Marc Vaux



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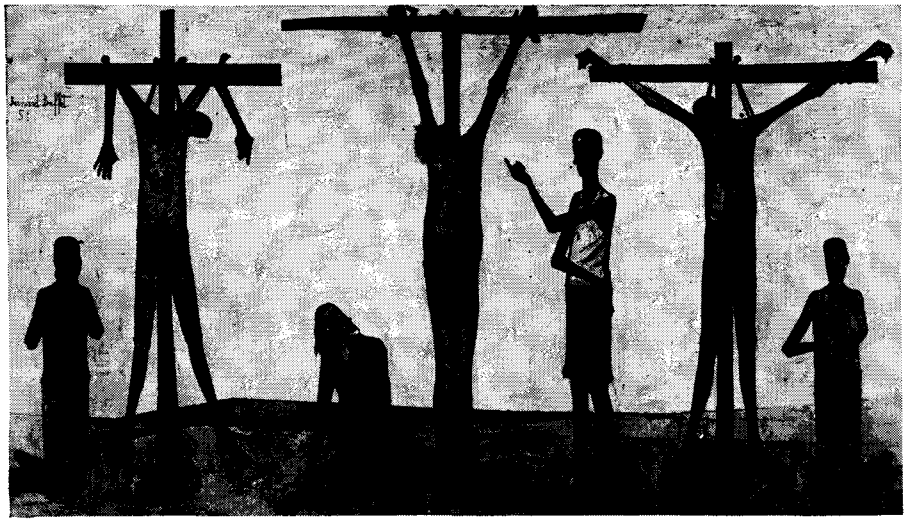

Bernard Buffet, a young man in his twenties. He shows three moments in Christ's agony: the Flagellation, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection. The figures are tall, thin, sharply outlined in hard black lines. The women wear contemporary black dresses and the men wear bathing trunks. These fleshless beings do not weep, yet they are more disconsolate than all the bleeding and tortured bodies that painting has ever presented. The man on the Cross looks neither toward the other figures nor upward at the sky. This Christ is not a god incarnate. He is no more than a conscience enchained in a body flagellated and crucified. When, at the end, he rises above the tomb and the nails, it is toward no promise of reward; it is simply the end of the story.

The critics spoke enthusiastically of Buffet's despair. "Despair" is a word they like to use because it is so modern. But it would be interesting to know what they mean by despair. For Bernard Buffet keeps right on working and living—as do the rest of French youth, as do the young sluts who demonstrate to tourists in Latin Quarter night clubs that life is not worth living, but who have the strength of youth to keep them dancing all night.

One must always differentiate between the despair of youth and the despair of maturity. The despair of middle age is the loss of faith in the future; the despair of youth is rejection of the past. Since one can do even less about the past than about the future, youth can be very unhappy.

The plays youth goes to see in Paris nowadays are not of a nature to cheer it up. Take, for instance, Jean Anouilh's *La Valse des Toréadors*. An old general realizes after twenty years of marriage to a wife he does not love that he has sacrificed himself for nothing. For years he has wanted to run away with another woman but out of pity he has rejected this possibility. Suddenly he discovers that throughout the entire period his wife has been deceiving him. What Anouilh objects to is not the discovery that virtue does not pay; it is what he considers the general's cowardice. "Life is a long family dinner," remarks the general—twenty years of a dinner that he has not liked. Anouilh wants to persuade us that we are all sitting at that table, held there through respect for conventions we detest. We think we are brave, but our bravery is only the acceptance of life as it is; in other words, a living death.

The Old Men Laugh

Another extremely popular play abandons this classical French preoccupation with the eternal triangle: Marcel Aymé's *La Tête des Autres*. If anything, this bitter piece about contemporary justice is more depressing and more realistic than the story about the general and his frustrations. An innocent man has been condemned to death, a little casually—as presently appears—by the massive apparatus of the courts. When evidence of his undeniable innocence tardily comes to light, he finds a coalition of sordid ambitions and prejudices determined to prevent reversal of the verdict. The law says "Thou shalt not kill," but the district attorney opens some champagne to celebrate the fact that this is the fifth head he has had the pleasure of placing beneath the guillotine. Justice is supposed to be just. But when injustice serves the superior interests of the magistrates and of the state, the maxim about justice is no longer so clear. This theme has been treated before, and of course the Dreyfus case was its historical illustration, but Marcel Aymé's play is neither theoretical nor historical. It is appallingly contemporary, and its references to well-known persons and cases are scandalously accurate and recognizable. The play struck home to such an extent that the Paris magistrature complained officially.

The critics complained too. Night after night they sit serenely through the horrors depicted in magnificent classical Alexandrine verse by the greatest of French classical playwrights, Racine. They are not horrified in the least by Phèdre's incest. For the past is only legend and fiction. But here is a contemporary playwright who says that a certain number of contemporary French judges take orders from Cabinet Ministers and that certain Cabinet Ministers take orders from rich men. That shocks the critics, and they say that Paris is not a decadent Byzantium and that Parisians do not go to the theater in order to laugh at the spectacle of their own corruption.

The Young Are Sad

But it was only the old men who laughed at this play. What it inspired in youth was terror and an immense feeling of sadness. The young people who saw it were not surprised that lawyers and judges could lie and be corrupt. They felt contempt, perhaps, but not sadness. What saddened them was to learn that the heart can be swayed, that ideals can be betrayed for lesser things rather than for greater. If justice and freedom depend on money, if everything is bought and sold, life becomes simply uninteresting.

Freedom has a curious tendency to be the equivalent of saying "No." When people expect the free man to say the words "I love," he may answer "I hate." The free man loves in secret. Youth conceals its love even more carefully than its tears. This should be some reassurance to those who are concerned with the future of French youth.

If the future demands cowardice of French youth, the answer will be "No."

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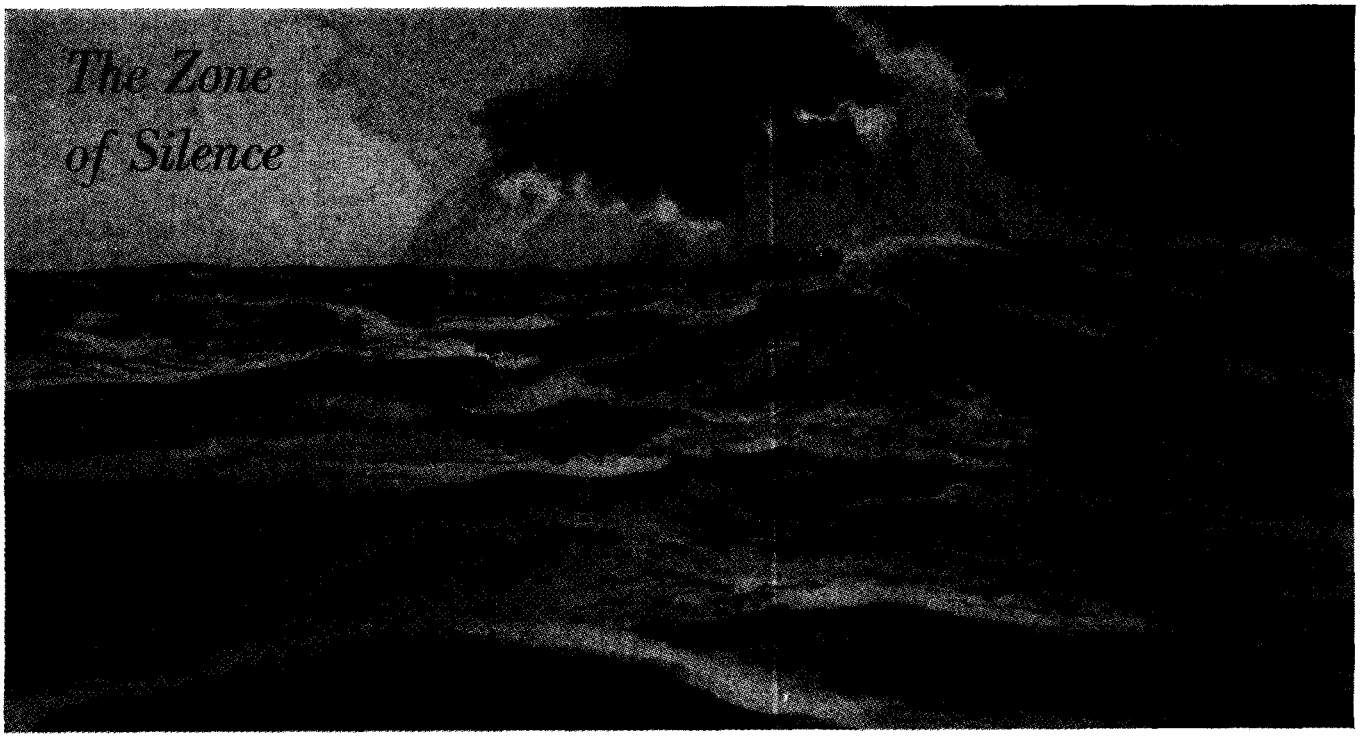

IN THE PACIFIC off Vancouver Island, there is a stretch of water known as "The Zone of Silence." Because this area is acoustically dead, no sound can penetrate it. And since no siren or bell warns ships of dangerous reefs, the ocean floor is studded with wrecks.

The world of ideas and events also has its "Zone of Silence." Here too, everything is hushed, and unknown dangers lurk beneath the surface. This region too is generally feared, and many publications steer clear of it —but not THE REPORTER. THE REPORTER explores it as fully as possible, and then comes out to describe its dangers and tell you how they may affect you and your country.

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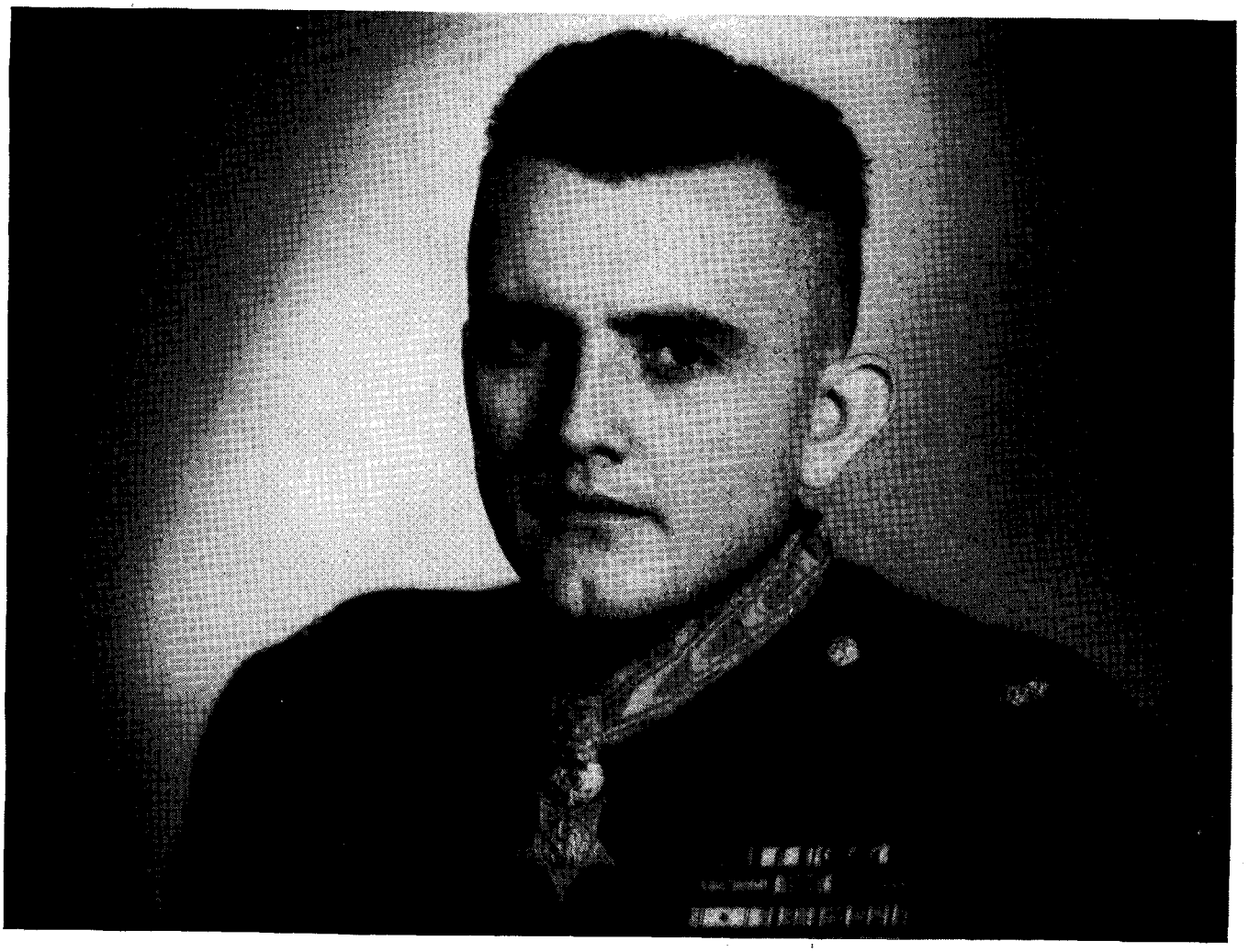
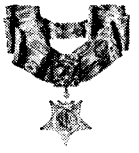


Major Carl L. Sitter, USMC  Medal of Honor

THE HILL WAS STEEP, snow-covered, 600 feet high. Red-held, it cut our lifeline route from Hagan-ri to the sea; it had to be in our hands.

Up its 45-degree face, Major Sitter led his handful of freezing, weary men—a company against a regiment! The hill blazed with enemy fire. Grenade fragments wounded the major's face, chest, and arms. But he continued heading the attack, exposing himself constantly to death, inspiring his men by his personal courage. After 36 furious hours the hill was won, the route to the sea secured. Major Sitter says:

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